Franz Kafka and the Human Voyage, By Max Lerner

The Saturday Review of Literature

Vol. XXIV No. 7 New York, Saturday, June 7, 1941 Fifteen Cents

"THE BRONTES' WEB OF CHILDHOOD"
By Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford
Reviewed by Phyllis Bentley

"ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST"
By G. B. Stern
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

"THE TRANSPOSED HEADS"
By Thomas Mann
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

"THE INCURABLE ROMANTIC"
By Roderick Peattie
Reviewed by John Hodgdon Bradley

"MISSION TO THE NORTH"
By Florence Jaffray Harriman
Reviewed by James F. Green

"MANY MEXICOS"
By Lesley Bird Simpson
Reviewed by Carleton Beals

"INVITATION TO LEARNING"
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

"THE HERMIT PLACE"
By Mark Shorer
Reviewed by Currie Cabot

COLLEGE LIBRARY Je 9 '41

SRL portrait by K. S. Woerner

FRANZ KAFKA offers no cheap and easy endings, no safe harbor for the human voyage . . . *(See page 3)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By G. B. STERN

Another Part of the Forest

"An autobiography that would be like no other had she not written MONOGRAM. . . . To read this book is comparable only to walking in the woods in spring, without direction, without haste, led by one loveliness toward another."—*New York Herald Tribune* $3.00

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

Darkness at Noon

"Extraordinary is the word. That rarity of reading: a one-sitting book!"—*Phila. Record*

"A superb achievement. The kind of novel we have learned to expect from Gorki, or Chekhov, or Dostoevsky. Anyone who has an adequate chair and a good lamp will not arise until he finishes it."—*Christopher Morley.* $2.00

By ROBERT GRAVES
AND ALAN HODGE

The Long Week-End

A British Social History, 1918-1939

"Brilliant, frequent ironic social history from the armistice to the new war. This book not only takes in just about every surface aspect of the period you can think of, but it gets down to germinal ideas and influences."—*The New Yorker* $3.00

at bookstores everywhere

The Macmillan Company, New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review of Literature

Franz Kafka and the Human Voyage

MAX LERNER

GENIUS, wherever it crops up, is a strange and solitary plant; nor have we in literature had so many instances of it that we can afford to neglect one as authentic as Franz Kafka. There was about his genius a lonely and almost nihilist quality. It seems to have come from nowhere, to belong to nothing, even perhaps to lead to nothing. Kafka is part neither of the humanist nor the anti-humanist tradition into which we have come increasingly to divide the recent intellectual history of Europe. Yet unmistakably his books have left a scar upon our consciousness.

During his lifetime Kafka made no great noise in the world. He never sought recognition and never received it He was born in 1883 of a Jewish tradesman's family of Prague. He grew up, sensitive and unhappy, in the shadow of his father's dominant personality. The memory of that (as we learn from his famous "Letter to My Father") and the sense of inadequacy that went with it, were to haunt and cripple him for life—make him set impossibly high standards for himself, make him reluctant ever to call a piece of work finished or to surrender a manuscript for publication, obsess him (as Thomas Wolfe was later to be obsessed) with the search for a father and for justification before him. He studied law and became a functionary of the Austrian bureaucracy, in the workmen's compensation division. Here in an office he spent his days; his evenings he spent with the writing which he loved so and which so tortured him. He joined no movements, whether literary or political, and seemed more absorbed with the tempestuous voyage of the human spirit than with the turbulence of Europe in its chaotic war and post-war phases.

The last years of his life were broken by sickness and the search for health. His relations with women were troubled: he never married; twice he broke off his engagement; and only at the close of his life did he find some peace in such a relation. He died in 1924, at 41, of tuberculosis, leaving instructions (fortunately unfulfilled) that his manuscript writings be burned.

Since his death Kafka has become a force in our writing. Yet everywhere his influence has been confined to the smallish literary groups and their magazines. Talk of him there and you get as response the subterranean intensity of the early Christian fathers, wrapped often in incommunicable symbols. This catacomb Kafka is not healthy: it means the blocking of the channel that might connect him with the large body of potential readers; it means also that those who are left are forced often into uncritical acceptance and elaborate commentary—the cult and the canon.

For that reason the recent publication of American editions of two of his major works, both of them noted or reviewed in *The Saturday Review,* is something of an event. Kafka published during his lifetime some stories and sketches comprising one of the six volumes of his collected works in German. The rest appeared posthumously under the ministering hand of his friend and executor, Max Brod. The three great novels fill three of the other five volumes. The remaining two contain further short stories (Kafka was a master of the short story in a form almost wholly alien to the Anglo-French-American tradition), parables, *penseés,* journals, letters.

Of the novels, "Amerika," written on the eve of the first World War and for some years available in England, is now first made available to American readers, with an introductory essay by Klaus Mann. The second, "The Trial," written during the World War, was published here several years ago. The third, "The Castle," written just before Kafka's death, was published here about a decade ago but now appears in a new edition, with a prefatory "Homage" by Thomas Mann. All three are the Edwin Muir translations, which deserve in their own way the tributes that have been paid to Proust's translator; for Muir can convey the formal tensions of Kafka's style because he understands the inner tensions of his thought.

KAFKA is a philosophical and religious novelist. I mean this in a central and not marginal sense. He is not a novelist who happens to be dealing with these themes or, as Muir points out, chooses to use religious characters. Kafka was absorbed with certain problems from an angle which made it impossible for him to treat them except through fiction, allegory, parable. He was a philosopher groping for a form rather than a novelist groping for a theme. It is fairly clear that the writing of these novels was, as their reading may be, an act of religious exploration. I use the term religion, of course, not in the sense of an institutional creed or a body of received dogma, but of a system of personal belief transcending experience—the sense that Carlyle meant when he said that the most important thing about a man was his religion.

But while the themes are grand themes, Kafka does not assault them in a magisterial way. He approaches them indirectly, through stories that for all their oppressive nightmare quality and their overtones of allegory, wear an aspect of innocence. "Amerika," for example, is in form almost a picaresque novel—a twentieth century "Roderick Random." It seems to be only a loose episodic narrative of what happens to Karl Rossman, a German

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

boy of sixteen, when he sets out to make his career in America—his meeting on shipboard with a stoker, his adoption and abandonment by a rich uncle, his adventures in a country house, his career as lift-boy in a hotel, the misfortunes that befel him through two rascally knights of the road who later settled down in a menage with a fabulous mistress, his employment by the "Nature Theater of Oklahoma." "The Trial," less loosely wrought, is the story of Joseph K., who finds himself accused of a crime he did not commit and the nature of which he cannot even discover. He tries to get a hearing, deal with an advocate, find allies, reach the higher judges. He never succeeds. But he gets a warning of his sentence from a sermon preached in a cathedral to himself as a one-man audience; and in the end he is stabbed to death by two officials of the court.

The protagonist of "The Castle," K. (note the progressive attenuation of name), comes to the village thinking he has a summons from the castle as surveyor. But he receives from the castle only denial or evasion. He spends his energy on successive stratagems and devices for getting near the officials of the castle, particularly one called Klamm. There are adventures with women, with village inhabitants and castle retainers, with K.'s two assistants; there is a harrowing story within a story; there is a comic note of high diplomacy in the alliances and alignments K. seeks to form in order to get even the smallest foothold in the village. In the end, Max Brod tells us, Kafka planned to have K. wear himself out in his efforts; but as he lies dying, a messenger arrives from the castle to say he can stay in the village on temporary sufferance.

Many a critic has tried his hand at interpreting the allegory. I don't intend to do that here. But some things may be said summarily. Kafka is dealing with the largest themes of the fate of man in a world whose meaning stretches beyond his experience. His starting-point is the inadequacy of the empirical and the rational. The purpose of life becomes thus an endless quest for the meaning of life. This quest, whatever its form, is always a search for an organic relation with something beyond ourselves. It may be, as in "Amerika," only Karl's desire after his expulsion from the old world (he had been seduced in Germany by a servant-girl) to find roots in a new world—a job, a career, a home, independence—and thus fulfill himself. It may be, as in the cathedral scene in "The Trial," a desire to find what lies beyond the door of our unique personality. Joseph K., dissatisfied with the rational routine of his life, was "accused"—a marked man. He haunted the court where lay his fate, yet he could make no connection with it. K., in "The Castle," also wanders beyond his accustomed locus; he wants a connection with Klamm, even of the slightest and humblest. Even the agonizing rebuffs he receives do not make him think of retreat. His search for roots in the village, for a place near the castle, seems to come from a fatal inner necessity.

But with the sureness of the necessity there is also the sureness of failure—absolute failure in "The Trial," failure relieved in "The Castle" only by the grimly ironic concession at the end. The quest must continue, but the one certain thing about it is the massive inaccessibility of the goal. I do not believe, as some of his critics say, that Kafka was content with this; that he resolved it with the old liberal cliché of Goethe and Tennyson that meaning lay in process rather than in end, in the search for the Grail rather than the Grail itself. Kafka was bitter. And anyone who does not read his bitterness in his novels and stories misses, I think, half their quality. But the paradox from which grew bitterness yielded by the same token inexhaustible material for a sort of cosmic comedy. I have already mentioned the attempt to reach God by power-politics. Kafka's attitude toward God was that of the Greeks who constructed an entire theogony but kept them with human frailties. Klamm, the chief man of the castle, looks like a paunchy bourgeois and has barmaids as mistresses. The court officials in "The Trial" are old, wheezy, and generally decrepit; the attendants are lecherous and sadistic. The whole theme of bureaucracy as part of the cosmic is a persistent one in Kafka, no doubt because of his own experience in Austrian administrative officialdom. On shipboard, in the hotel, in the "nature theater" (although this is a genial and careless bureaucracy), in courtroom, village, and castle, red tape is king. Man is caught in a mechanism not of his own contriving—a mechanism, moreover, whose operations are gallingly slow, inefficient and even accidental. In fact, by a wild irony in this regime of order and law, it is accident that is decisive. Despite the oppressive anxiety of Kafka's protagonist to fulfill his quest and come to terms with his universe, despite his desperate straining to make even the slightest headway, he is hopelessly entangled in a network of casual incidents. The most irrelevant act may lead to the widest consequences; the trivial is canonized.

This is, of course, the stuff of dreams: and the most obvious thing about the Kafka world is that it is a dream world. There hangs over it the

(*Continued on page* 16)

THIS WEEK

Articles

PAGE

FRANZ KAFKA AND THE HUMAN VOYAGE
By Max Lerner 3

INVITATION TO LEARNING
By Samuel Kaufman 10

Reviews

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST
By G. B. Stern
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 5

THE INCURABLE ROMANTIC
By Roderick Peattie
Reviewed by John Hodgdon Bradley 5

THE BRONTES' WEB OF CHILDHOOD
By Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford
Reviewed by Phyllis Bentley 6

THE TRANSPOSED HEADS
By Thomas Mann
Reviewed by N. L. Rothman 7

THE HERMIT PLACE
By Mark Schorer
Reviewed by Currie Cabot 7

INVITATION TO LEARNING
By Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate and Mark Van Doren
Reviewed by Basil Davenport 10

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS
By Alice Lounsberry
Reviewed by James Truslow Adams 12

A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON
By E. R. Eddison
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 13

MISSION TO THE NORTH
By Florence Jaffray Harriman
Reviewed by James F. Green 13

THAT MEN MAY UNDERSTAND
By Harold Rugg
Reviewed by Rubin Gotesky 14

MANY MEXICOS
By Lesley Bird Simpson
Reviewed by Carleton Beals 15

HONORABLE ENEMY
By Ernest O. Hauser
Reviewed by Malcolm Rosholt 19

Departments

EDITORIAL 8
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 9
YOUR LITERARY I.Q. 10
THE CRIMINAL RECORD 18
TRADE WINDS 20
BOOKS IN BRIEF 21
RECORDS IN REVIEW 21
DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 376 23

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; James Nelson, Vice-President and Treasurer; Amy Loveman, Secretary; George Dilkes, Business Manager. Subscription, $4 a year; $4.50 in Canada; $5 in other countries. At least 3 weeks' notice required for changes of address; both old and new addresses must be given. Printed in U. S. A. Vol. XXIV, No. 7, June 7, 1941. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reserve of "Peter" Stern

ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. By G. B. Stern. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 349 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

WHAT shows most conspicuously in this desultory, enticing, and ingenious volume of recollection, comment, reverie, and imagination is the sheer gallantry of the author. Those who know "Peter" Stern know that she is a Character, of the same breed as the great characters of an earlier day in England. Though she lived many years in London, and in Albany, that stronghold of masculine reserve, she has never been a Londoner at heart: Kensington in her early days—yes; but Holland Park is no more London than Long Island is Manhattan.

There is no formal autobiography in this book. At times I find the masterly disregard of chronology a little maddening; and many readers will regret that G. B. Stern is, on the whole, so severely unegotistic. There is enough to show how determined she has been in her craft, how bravely she has struggled against personal disasters and extreme ill-health; but there is not enough about the writing of her books.

The danger, of course, is when an author is over-confident that, since he is tickled to death, so must his readers be—a danger G. B. Stern has not always escaped. "Love me, love my book" is a demand very few authors can safely make.

G. B. Stern frequently rebukes J. M. Barrie for his indulgence in whimsey: it is hard to believe this affectionate petulance springs from anything but a needless alarm at the same characteristic in her own work. For G. B. Stern is a passionate whimsey-addict. Under the bad advice of a good critic, E. V. Lucas, she tried realism; but puckishness darted over the fence, and she is always most herself when she lets her fancy free.

She can overdo it—for my taste. I shudder a little at her deplorably winsome dogs surrounded by adoring Legs; and her gallant determination to find Fun in all kinds of people and circumstances too often clouds her natural critical gift. I have rarely read anything more sombre than her entranced account of a Christmas Eve in the South of France—the party sounds like a bargain-sale at a demolished exhibition-ground. But there, if you have a gift for whimsey and a habit of wearing rose-tinted spectacles, you can not always remember when these aids to light living are inappropriate.

There is some admirable literary criticism in "Another Part of the Forest." The most devoted admirers of Jane Austen will be content with G. B. Stern's praise and analysis: she is sound on such neglected geniuses as F. Anstey, and sound on our incomparable P. G. Wodehouse, and that prophet of his age, still misunderstood and underestimated, G. K. Chesterton. For these I can forgive her lumping the witty, astringent Rhoda Broughton with Helen Mathers and Mrs. Hungerford, those strawberry-blonde novelists. I hope her praise of Neil Lyons, that superb miniaturist of Cockney and Essex common people will cause a new demand for his short stories. She writes about poetry as one who believes poetry should be enjoyed; but I do not know whence she derived the fallacy that "A Shropshire Lad" was written when A. E. Housman was twenty. The poet was thirty-seven when the book was published; and few of the poems were written, I fancy, before his thirtieth year.

G. B. Stern has lectured, and enjoyed it; and some of the most amusing anecdotes in her book touch on the lecturer's experiences. Like all British visitors here, she is amazed and grateful when confronted by the appetite for lectures shown in these States, and especially by the appetite for lectures at morning hours which the idler English regard as definitely unaired. Her oddest adventure while lecturing was, however, in England. At the end of a talk on "Family Life down the Ages, in Fiction, Drama and Fact" an impressive woman, "her corsage crusted with diamonds and her snow-white hair piled Pelion upon Ossa," demanded "What about Boadicea?" That stumped an author who has rarely been unequal to any challenge from her admirers.

G. B. Stern

With a Capital "R"

THE INCURABLE ROMANTIC. By Roderick Peattie. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1941. 270 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN HODGDON BRADLEY

RODERICK PEATTIE has been a professor of geography at Ohio State University for the past twenty years. If this fact seems categorically to exclude romance, one need only read a few pages from any chapter of this fine autobiography to discover one's mistake. Peattie does not answer to the customary description of a college professor, nor does his geography resemble in the least the grade school subject that has saddened the lives of so many children.

Our author, as a matter of fact, is a comfortable sort of man who likes to relax in a bad posture with a pipe between his teeth, a gold band on his ring finger, and an expression which seems to say, "I know all your weaknesses but I like you just the same." So much we gather from the frontispiece portrait, but one must read the book to feel the gusto with which this incurable romantic has worked, played, traveled, fought, and loved his way through the first fifty years of life.

Just what does it mean to be incurably romantic? Presumably it means first of all to be endowed with rugged health, a lively imagination, and a warm heart. It is to enjoy action more than reflection, adventure more than routine, brightness more than gloom. It is to fear boredom more than insecurity, to risk error for the sake of drama, to keep flexibly open-minded in the face of change but rigidly individualistic in the presence of mass intolerance. In short, it means living the sort of life which men in appalling and ever increasing numbers are finding it utterly impossible to live: a life of happiness and freedom.

Peattie has been lucky and he knows it. But in this chatty and often witty chronicle of his activities at home and abroad, his lusty enthusiasm for life never degenerates into self-satisfaction. His exultant sentimentality seldom becomes solemn. His prose, which is characteristically forceful, seldom becomes forced. Throughout, the reader feels the vitality, independence, and above all the humaneness of a very human human geographer. He also feels the richness of the environment that nourished so rich a life, an environment which with the help of God and perhaps a few marines we may yet be able to preserve in one corner of the earth.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Daydream in Literature

PHYLLIS BENTLEY

WHEN the present world disturbance is over, and the search for truth, rejected by one party to the quarrel, is revalidated as a rightful activity for man, we can return to the proper occupation of this century, namely the study of the human mind along the lines suggested by Freud and his colleagues. No lasting peace or progress can be expected until the springs of human motive are better understood, and while many of Freud's conclusions are obviously erroneous, the correctness of his method, entirely fresh in human history, is continually being substantiated by human examples. Miss Ratchford's scholarly study* of Brontë *juvenilia* provides one of these examples, and contributes to the search for truth in two respects, the literary and the psychological.

"I have had a curious packet confided to me," wrote Mrs. Gaskell in her "Life of Charlotte Brontë," "containing an immense amount of manuscript, in an inconceivably small space; tales, dramas, poems, romances, written principally by Charlotte, in a hand which it is almost impossible to decipher without the aid of a magnifying glass." She then prints a facsimile page of one of these small manuscripts, gives a list of Charlotte's "works" in this writing, quotes Charlotte's account of the establishment of the Brontë Island plays and her letter about the presiding Island genii, and makes some shrewd comments about the dreamy habits of children who live secluded lives. And that is all the reference she makes to those precious Brontë *juvenilia*. Now Mrs. Gaskell was a careful and honest biographer. She quotes, later, passages from Charlotte's letters which reveal that "fiery imaginations" haunted Charlotte and made real society "wretchedly insipid" to her; she also observes that all the Brontë sisters "made out perpetually," *i.e.*, continually made up stories. But she did not perceive the connection between the manuscript booklets and the fiery imaginations, the perpetual makings-out, still less between the booklets and the Brontë novels; the crucial words Northangerland, Angria, Zamorna, and Gondal do not even figure in her index! The scripts were accordingly not regarded as a unit of any significance, but simply as separate curiosities; they passed to the hazards of the auction room, and are at present widely scattered through America and England. Miss Ratchford tells us that, in a research lasting twenty years, she has tracked down and transcribed more than a hundred of these scripts. (I have often looked at the tiny scripts, one of them arranged beneath a magnifying glass, in the Haworth Parsonage, Haworth being only ten miles across the moors from my own Yorkshire home, so I know the immense labor implied by this brief statement.) Her present volume is a critical study of the manuscripts thus collated. Of the first importance to every Brontë student, it reveals the profound significance of these juvenile scripts as the laboratory of the Brontë novels, and the absolute necessity of knowing their contents if a true interpretation is to be placed on the Brontë lives. It illuminates also, or at least offers new materials for the study of, the strange psychology of the creative writing process.

Miss Ratchford has discovered that these scripts are all part of an epic, a saga, a cycle; that each script, from whichever Brontë hand, and whether written as drama, verse, fiction, essay, or whatever, relates to the same imaginary country and to the same set of characters, to whose history it makes a definite contribution. Put briefly, this imaginary world shows the Duke of Wellington ruling over the confederated states headed by Glass Town; later his son, the Marquis of Douro, takes chief place and becomes Duke of Zamorna and Emperor of Angria. Zamorna's contest with the villainous Earl of Northangerland, his conquests, his captures, his many loves, are related with an exuberant detail, a really prodigious fertility of invention. That Zamorna, Northangerland, and other characters of this huge body of imaginary tradition have strong resemblances to, and are in fact prototypes of, such Brontë characters as Rochester, John Graham Bretton, Emanuel Paul, and the Moore brothers is not to be doubted after reading Miss Ratchford's quotations.

—From the drawing by George Richmond.

Charlotte Brontë

At first all four Brontës shared this Angrian saga; presently Emily and Anne retired to their own equally imaginary island of Gondal, leaving Charlotte and Branwell to conduct Angrian affairs alone. The Gondal scripts are unfortunately not extant, except in one amazing respect; it seems that many of Emily's poems belong to the Gondal cycle, and are written as the expression of Gondal feelings and Gondal situations. The difference this makes to the customary interpretation of the Brontës' mutual feelings, is very great. The legend of the close friendship of Branwell and Emily, founded on the "Do I condemn" poem, is greatly weakened, since the poem was perhaps written to express the feeling of a Gondalian, not that of Emily for her brother. The legend of Branwell's participation in "Wuthering Heights" is pretty well destroyed, since the Heathcliff-Cathie situation is depicted in several poems belonging to the Gondal saga, in which Branwell never had any part.

The literary importance of Miss Ratchford's work is therefore very great, since it both corrects the Brontë history and illuminates the creation of their work. But it has also a more general and psychological value.

I do not know whether daydream worlds of the Angria type are created by a large proportion of the world's children, but that they are created by many children who are later destined to become novelists I am quite sure, for so many fictions show familiarity with such worlds. Look at Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" and "Mary Rose." Look at Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson." Look at—of all unexpected novelists!—Kipling, who has used the common possession of such a dream world as the foundation of love, in "The Brushwood Boy." At one time I kept a list of such daydream worlds occurring in fiction, but alas, the list is at this moment on the other side of the Atlantic. It is not at all uncom-

(*Continued on page* 18)

**THE BRONTES' WEB OF CHILDHOOD. By Fannie Elizabeth Ratchford. New York: Columbia University Press. 1941. 293 pp., with appendices and index. $3.50.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Legend Out of India

THE TRANSPOSED HEADS. By Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 196 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

THOMAS MANN has paused again in his labors with the legend of Joseph, to take the refreshment of the proverbial busman. This is another legend, out of India, simpler of outline than that of Joseph and compact enough to be wholly contained in fewer than two hundred pages. It tells of two youths, Nanda and Shidraman, joined closer by love than any blood brothers, who are enamoured of a maiden, Sita of the Beautiful Hips. They do not, as in Western tales, fall out over her or strive secretly for mastery. Nanda, the more robust of body yields her gladly to the learned and spiritual Shidraman. We must divine as well as we can, in this atmosphere of male conscience, the wishes of Sita herself; they form a trio of twined and inchoate emotions. It is on a voyage taken by the three together that they come upon the shrine of Kali, the terrible dark goddess, and there the youths come separately before her unspeakable presence and sever their heads in violent gestures of abnegation. It is there, too, that Sita is given the power to replace their heads, transposing them in the hysteria of haste. Now comes the replaying of the drama, from a subtlety of angle that only this magic, this super-naturalism, could have achieved. We may delay considering this to note that the tale could be read wholly for its exquisite surface beauties, for its atmosphere bathed in natural sensuousness and delicate amorousness, for its complete mastery of our disbelief, so that shepherd boy and mystic shrine and magic healer seem alike real and unquestionable. Mann speaks with an inspired tongue that seems to have found the accents and intonations and mental convolutions out of which the legend once proceeded.

But if we read for this alone we should be reading only half of Mann. This slighter legend is not, in fact, a complete departure from his preoccupation with Joseph; there is a metaphysical problem here which bridges them. In the introduction to "Joseph and His Brothers" there are two sentences which might almost be regarded as a text for "The Transposed Heads":

> In this world of form and death conceived out of the marriage of soul and matter, the task of the spirit is clearly outlined and unequivocal. Its mission consists in awakening the soul, in its self-forgetful involvement with form and death, to the memory of its higher origin; to convince it that its relation with matter is a mistaken one, and finally to make it yearn for its original source with ever stronger yearning, until one day it frees itself wholly from pain and desire and wings away homewards.

Even as we read this Indian legend for a first time it seems clear that the characters are representatively constructed. A second reading confirms it. Nanda—gay, simple, strong—is the body, is matter made conscious. Shidraman—discursive, sensitive to the point of unearthliness, meditative where Nanda would act—is the soul, mind embodied. Their mutual love is the cleaving of halves to each other. Sita is, if we will, the life spirit of which Mann speaks in the quotation above, awakening at once the soul and body to their differences, even to their incompatibilities. Their struggling to understand and to be free from pain and desire becomes a dramatized dialogue of Body and Soul. The transposing of heads is the very essence of the problem, for the new arrangements produce mysterious variations in both: Nanda's body is paled and refined by its new intellectual head even as the body of Shidraman, free of its old control, rounds and hardens and finds new robustiousness. It is, viewed so, an expanding equation, playing with certain fixed quantities in new relationships. But it is an equation still composed of humanity, of heart, sense, and thought.

Thomas Mann

The Inner Life

THE HERMIT PLACE. By Mark Schorer. New York: Random House. 1941. 313 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

IN this absorbing and uneven book, full of dissonances, of moments of preciosity and of sometimes almost amateurish dialogue, there is a central core that is curiously fascinating. "The Hermit Place" is a novel of the inner life, and it possesses the kind of psychological subtlety that gave the literature of the twenties a quality that one misses in most novels of today. It is not lacking in action; on the contrary, as in the real world, action is shaped and forced by conflicts that begin in the secret minds of the characters.

It is an intense, intrinsically even a violent, book, and the violence comes through, in places, in a kind of shrillness or hysteria. The mood of strain and tenseness is indicated at once; perhaps the description of heat and sultriness, interlocking with the unhappy intensities of a wedding that we realize is doomed to disaster, is a little overdone; but the mood is there, definite as the key in which a piece of music is to be played. The incident of Dave Roberts's death, sensational in itself, his plane falling from the sky before the eyes of the wedding guests, has a perfect rightness as it occurs in the book. His death sets off the complex series of events that make up the plot, for beloved in life by two sisters, his haunting memory proves even more disturbing to their lives and to those of their husbands. One sister had loved him thwartedly and hopelessly; he had been the other's lover; but the lives of both of them are irreparably twisted.

These five central characters—Dave Roberts, Marge who empties her unhappiness into her husband's ears and finds peace at his expense, John whose soul cannot stand the burden of her confessions, Gracia serene in the cloak of her memories, and John Wilson with his wistful uncorroborated sense of his wife's inner remoteness;—are most beautifully conceived and developed; and their secret selves explored with a rare and delicate skill. In contrast to them the minor characters of the book are grotesque, case-histories out of some work on abnormal psychology, outrageous as Aldous Huxley's characters can be, but without the Huxley humor. Mr. Schorer flaunts them at us as though to prove his modernity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature
EDITORIAL BOARD
Henry Seidel Canby Amy Loveman
Harrison Smith
Norman Cousins
Executive Editor
William Rose Benêt } *Contributing*
Elmer Davis } *Editors*
Harrison Smith
Publisher
Copyright, 1941, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

STILL REQUIRED READING

SHORTLY after the start of the present war, Mr. Davis suggested in these pages that Thucydides could tell us as well as anybody what this war was about. After you have read his history, Mr. Davis concluded, "you are no longer likely to be surprised at anything." As this war moves toward the close of its second year, the reader may be no longer surprised at the headlines, but he would be something less than human if he were not surprised at the wealth of detail concerning the present struggle supplied by that same historian.

It is of course true that the twenty-seven year war between Sparta and Athens was so thick with history, so crowded with various combinations of circumstances, that it is more than likely that you will be able to find a parallel somewhere along the line for every war that was ever fought. Even so, the reader of Thucydides will find it difficult to escape the feeling that these two wars—the one being fought today and the one fought more than two milleniums ago—stand apart from all other wars in their peculiar attraction for each other. It is more than the fact that Sparta was the supreme land power, and Athens the supreme naval power; more than the fact that the former sought to win by invasion and the latter by blockade; more than the fact that it started as a matter of local sovereignty involving a small state and spread until it engulfed the entire Greek world; more than the fact the war was really but the second phase of a war that had been fought many years earlier without any conclusive resolution of the issues.

The war between the Greek giants—like the war between the European giants—came about and was fought because two worlds were in conflict. It was the "we-or-they" struggle between democracy and oligarchy—the equivalent in the pre-Christian era for the totalitarian state. This was not a war in the conventional sense, limited to one nation at war with another nation, as Thucydides points out with characteristic understatement and objectivity. It was a war of conflicting opinions, where people disagreed with their neighbors and were willing to fight those neighbors in order that their own ideas might prevail. It so happened that certain groups of Athenians, for example, sympathized with Sparta, secretly or otherwise, not only because they may have felt the war was unjust but because Sparta happened to have a form of political organization better suited to their pocketbooks or their prejudices or whatever it was that principles were called in those days. These Athenians probably did not consider themselves disloyal to Athens—or at least to what they thought the Athenian ideal should be—but they could not reconcile such a conception with democracy, then at its height in Athens, just as the oligarchy was at its ebb.

Thus the problem was not only one of war but of civil war as well, which made for an infinitely more bloody and disastrous conflict. This revolutionary aspect of the larger struggle became increasingly important as the war unfolded. Those states which were not already involved found themselves drawn in through the medium of internal conflict; the oligarchic faction in each state would call on Sparta for help, and the democratic faction on Athens. "In times of peace," says Thucydides, "there would have been neither the pretext nor the desire to ask a foreign power to help decide a domestic struggle. But in times of war, with alliances at the command of either faction, opportunities for bringing in the outsider were never wanting."

Thucydides adds that the "sufferings which the internal conflicts entailed upon the countries were many and terrible, but no worse than will occur time and time again, as long as man remains the same."

But you will read Thucydides not only because here is a voice that carries across from a distance of two thousand years, but because you will want to know why it was that Athens lost and democracy died. It will be small consolation to know that the oligarchy didn't last either, or that the enemies of democracy at home met their just desserts. The important thing is that democracy—and civilization with it—died once and you will want to know whether there is anything tangible connected with it that you can identify and say to yourself that it can be prevented from happening again.

Democracy died then; but it is doubtful whether it died on the battlefield. Athens virtually won the war in 425 B.C. when Sparta, her legend of invincibility on land shattered, sued for peace. From that point on, the complexion of the war changed. Athens allowed her old side interest, imperialism—already responsible for many difficulties, particularly among states she needed as allies—to dominate more than ever her war tactics and objectives. Forgotten was the advice of Pericles to attempt no new conquests. The expansionists were now in the saddle; apparently the war to preserve democratic institutions was fine as far as it went but it didn't go far enough, and there were now leaders to see to it that it did.

This is, of course, not the whole story; there are so many factors entering into the picture, particularly at the time that Sparta requested the armis-

(*Continued on next page*)

Sonnet to Beauty

By Lola Ridge

The following sonnet, referred to in last week's editorial, is hitherto unpublished. It was written this spring as part of a longer philosophical work by Miss Ridge. We have the privilege of giving it posthumous publication.
—The Editors.

SHOW me thy way. Though I have held thy name,
That tremulously now my lips let fall,
As word too dear for traffic of the tongue,
Yet I have loved thee, Beauty, beyond all.
Be with me in this hour: dread shapes of thee
Apparelled in the lustre not their own—
As buzzard, gracened by the wizardry
Of light, looks all but lovely as the swan—
Shall not appall. In thy high company—
Whereof all things are free and each wild theme,
Weaves in a relentless rise and fall
To resolution—I shall brokenly
Hear through the fury, through the windless dream,
Heart of the terror, chiming at thy call.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Byzantium"

SIR:—I thought it might interest you to know about a specific result of one of your editorials. Leonard Bacon's "Byzantium" [*SRL*, June 8, 1940] has proved the inspiration for a play. To be sure, it is only a school production; but the parallels he suggested are carried out quite strikingly.

Each year our eighth grade graduating class spends all spring writing and producing a play based on some historical period we have studied. We make it a point to tie up this play with some vital modern problem. The important problem discussed in the editorial struck me as being exactly what we wanted; so now we have a three-act play, "Faith to Prevail," based around the achievements of Theodora and Justinian. John Vandercook's book, "Empress of the Dusk," has been very helpful.

ROBERT S. CLIFTON,
Instructor in English and History.
The Bancroft School
23 Chestnut St.,
Worcester, Mass.

Information, Please

SIR:—The Library of the College of Charleston is collecting the letters and manuscripts of the late Lancelot Minor Harris for eventual editing and publication. All those having such materials are requested to forward them to the Director of the College Library. The originals will be promptly copied and returned.

J. H. EASTERBY.
College of Charleston
Charleston, S. C.

The Communal Commuter

The Literary I. Q. Revolution

SIR:—This seems to be the Age of Arbitration, so I hope you will forgive me if I suggest peace terms to bring together the warring parties in the I. Q. Revolution.

Apparently some like it hard (which it now is), and some like it not so hard. All right; divide the quiz into two parts—one part given over to the sticklers, the other to something more approaching the ability of an ordinary mortal—such as this writer. Ever since you started the quiz, my once smug feeling about literature has slowly melted until it reached the evaporation point.

THOMAS BOTTS WHITEHAND.
Ridgefield, Conn.

(*Continued from preceding page*)

tice, that it should be fairly simple for anyone with a point to prove to find one to his liking. An isolationist today may argue that the history of Athens proves that we will be committing suicide by entering the war; while his opponents may argue that Athens went into the war because her vital interests were threatened and considered those interests, one of which happened to be no less an item than the preservation of democratic institutions, worth fighting and dying for if that was the only way they could be secured. Whichever the point of view best tailored to your own convictions or hunches, the fact is inescapable that at the end of more than a half-dozen years of fighting, Sparta was ready to throw in the sponge; indeed, a truce was called while Athens was asked terms—but Athens, as Thucydides says, decided "to grasp for something further."

What would have happened if Athens had stopped in 425 B.C. will remain as one of the great riddles of history. It is possible that she might have succumbed anyway—and Greece along with her; that she might have fallen before Rome. In any event, we know what happened when she decided to go out after bigger things.

This is not by way of sermonizing; the only purpose of this brief paper is to call attention once again to a book which can be as instructive and stimulating as anything you are likely to read on World War II. As for the causes of Athens's fall and any portents they may have for democracy today: the thing to concern us most at this time obviously is not what we are going to do when the happy day arrives that the wave of the future confesses it has spent iself against our jetties and would like to call the whole thing off, but how we are going to get even that far. N. C.

SIR:—My self esteem resumed its usual elevated position today!! I had been *so* ashamed of my weekly report card. But today (May 17), I got 90! If you continue to make the puzzles this easy, I'll try to get 100 from now on. Thanks for meeting my requirements.

HELEN S. WILSON.
Larkspur, Calif.

R. L. S. in California

SIR:—Miss Charlotte Trueman, 2933 Piedmont Ave., Berkeley, has some interesting information about the years of Robert Louis Stevenson in California, secured a number of years ago when his friend Mrs. Williams was living. Miss Trueman knew Mrs. Williams. She also lived next door to Stevenson's boarding place, 608 Bush Street, San Francisco, and obtained first-hand information about the landlady, Mrs. Carson.

A. B. MALONEY.
2315 Durant Ave.,
Berkeley, Cal.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Invitation and Initiation

I. ON THE AIR

"INVITATION to Learning" is presented over a coast-to-coast radio hook-up every Tuesday evening by three distinguished—and oddly different—literary experts. All usual broadcasting procedure is tossed out of the window as the featured trio —Huntington Cairns, Mark Van Doren and Allen Tate—go at it hammer and tongues in their polite but controversial discussions of the classics.

This unusual program has an unusual studio—the famous Blue Room of CBS in New York—and it differs from usual studios not only in that it has windows, but it is furnished and decorated as an elegant living room and is usually used for mass press interviews and receptions for famous guests. However, when "Invitation to Learning" takes to the air from this party room, there is very little of the party about it. An hour before the program goes on the air, the three permanent speakers, plus one occasional guest, gather in any convenient nearby studio for an advance warm-up period. Here, they tell each other what they like and dislike about the book and author up for discussion. There are no scripts in this series; hence it is essential to capture the right atmosphere for the actual broadcast. Mr. Cairns, who has no exact program title but who may be called referee, umpire, chairman, interlocutor or moderator, helps to chart a course of debate and discussion for the ensuing air session. No attempt is made to tell each speaker what to say but rather to outline topical approach to the discussions.

Each participant is pledged to read the featured book during the week before each broadcast. Regardless of his knowledge of the work or the number of times he may have re-read it, he is asked to read it again. How well this works out may be judged from their comments on each work, the author, and the book's acceptance through the years or ages. Participants are permitted to bring notes and even the books themselves for quotation purposes, but these are rarely referred to, most of the remarks being drawn from their mental thesauri.

Every program is supposed to end with a quotation. Hence, each of the three men is required to select what he thinks is the most representative passage. Mr. Cairns decides on the best one during the preliminary warm-up period; the speaker suggesting it, is asked to read it at the specified time. This is the only portion of the program that might be called "prepared."

The series is now catching the public's fancy after almost a year dur-

(*Continued on page* 11)

II. IN PRINT

THE dialogues in this volume* of transcripts of the "Invitation to Learning" broadcasts cover a wide range of literature, from fiction, drama, and poetry to philosophy, history, and religion, with the Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci making a rather lonely appearance as science. There is also a preliminary dialogue, created as an introduction to this book, in which the speakers commend to us dialogue as a literary form, with the examples of Plato, Bishop, Berkeley, and Santayana. The boldness of this challenge throws into relief the fault of the book; the dialogues of those masters were each given their final form, at least, by one controlling mind; and they were molded with a clear idea of the audience for which they were intended, and the postulates on which they might be based. Whereas in these transcripts, it is not only that there are many imperfections which might pass the less critical ear, but that there stand out to the eye answers that do not quite touch the point to which they are intended to reply.

What is worse than this is that there is no consistent view of how much the hearer may be supposed to have read, though in general too much is asssumed; in discussing "Antony and Cleopatra," almost the best-known book considered, they begin with a summary of the action; but with "Moll Flanders" and "Swann's Way" we are left to pick up the action for ourselves, and in the discussion of "Prometheus Bound" it is found necessary, by a kind of afterthought, to interrupt the discussion in the middle to explain how and why Io was a heifer. Again, one is uneasily conscious that these dialgoues have no organic direction; much of the time spent on "Antony and Cleopatra" is used to decide whether it is a love story or something else; though it is obvious to every one who has read it that it is a love story, and (like most great love stories) a love story plus something else, which is what makes it great; but all too little time is left for speculating on what the something else is. And listeners, one feels, who need to have so obvious a foundation built at such length are hardly likely to profit by the many unexplained allusions to literary greats, with which the conversations are stuffed.

BASIL DAVENPORT.

**INVITATION TO LEARNING. By Huntington Cairns, Allen Tate and Mark Van Doren. New York: Random House. 1941. 431 pp., with index. $3.*

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOMETHING A LITTLE EASIER

This week's quiz follows the suggestion of Marion G. Thurston, of Hampton, Virginia, whose letter suggesting "something a little easier" was published in the May 24 issue and to whom I am indebted for the first question. Allowing 2 points credit for each for each question correctly answered, a score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 19.

1. Who dragged whom how many times around what and why?
2. Who struck out when what team was how many runs behind in what inning?
3. Who built what masterpiece so logically that it lasted exactly how long?
4. Because what was the right shade of what color, what kind of business man was given a job copying what work in longhand?
5. A picture of what was drawn on what with what by a drunken vagabond?
6. What was hung around whose neck after he had killed it with what?
7. Who killed how many of what at one blow with what?
8. Who demanded how much of what because a debt remained unpaid for how long?
9. Whose what grew how whenever he told what?
10. Who ate 169 of what after almost losing what to whom?
11. After drinking what provided by whom, who slept for how long?
12. Who was forced to shoot what from where after refusing to salute what?
13. Who left what where, thus notifying what celebrated castaway that he had a visitor?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MARK VAN DOREN

This etching of Mark Van Doren, poet, novelist, educator, and star of the popular radio program, Invitation to Learning, was made especially for The Saturday Review of Literature *by the eminent French artist Theodore Brenson. Mr. Brenson, whose portraits of such literary celebrities as André Gide, Henry de Montherland, Osbert Sitwell, and Robert Briffault are well known in Paris and London, left France after the collapse of that country and is now making his home in New York. He says of Mr. Van Doren: "I met him at his house in Greenwich Village where he lives on a street which has the animation and picturesqueness of an Italian town. In front of his home grows a young tree, straight and slender, planted there after persistent effort on Mr. Van Doren's part had broken down the resistance of the authorities to its presence. Tall and sound, it seems to me symbolic of the poet and his verse."*

(*Continued from col.* 2, *page* 10)

ing which CBS executives good-naturedly commented, "We're broadcasting thirty minutes of silence" or "Yours is the only program that uses a lorgnette instead of a microphone." But they have found it difficult since to conceal their satisfaction.

Sex and love in the broadcaster's book are topics generally calling for sotto voce discussion—if discussed at

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all. Yet the manner in which Messrs. Cairns, Van Doren, and Tate handled "Vanity Fair," "Madame Bovary," "Francois Villon," and "Oedipus Rex" showed that a technique exists in which hitherto tabooed topics can be dealt with frankly and honestly—and without stepping on anyone's toes.

Recent telephone and door-to-door surveys reveal that the series is gaining listeners slowly but consistently. And broadcasters know that a steady, slow climb upward in program popularity is far more valuable than an irregular graph revealing peaks and valleys. And fan mail—considered a thing of the past in radio, except where a free premium offer is used as the bait—is quite heavy. Best of all, every letter is further proof of the important part the series is playing in making people read and reread the great books of the past. Discussing a book on the air is merely the first objective in the network's program plan. More important is the fact that programs make the listener think for himself.

The series, now heard Tuesdays, was launched as an experimental venture on a Sunday spot last May. The initial trio used until last October when the permanent series started, consisted of Dr. Stringfellow Barr, president of St. John's College, Annapolis—the institution featuring a course based on the world's great books; Andrew Chiappe, instructor in English at Columbia University; and Huntington Cairns, Baltimore attorney and economist who is assistant general counsel in the United States Treasury Department.

Mr. Cairns is the only member of the original trio still on the program. What he likes best about his weekly appearance on the series is the trip to New York and back from Washington which gives him time to read two books. Although his three-room library covers the walls from floor to ceiling, he claims he won't be happy until he collects the 25,000 volumes he feels he needs. He is famous as an author of widely-quoted legal textbooks and renowned as a linguist.

He is a regular contributor on literary topics to the *Washington Post* and formerly reviewed books for *The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* and *The Baltimore Evening Sun.*

His current importance as a figure in the book world is not entirely confined to book-reviewing and broadcasting. His Treasury Department post entails the duty of passing on all books which appear suspicious to Customs officials. If he decides a volume is of impure content and unredeemable by esthetic standards, it is destroyed in the presence of witnesses; if he approves it, it is returned to the importer. This activity—only a small part of Mr. Cairns work in the Treasury—is in strict accordance with the statute governing imported books and does not imply any thought of "literary dictatorship."

Mark Van Doren, poet and author and English instructor at Columbia University, is the second of the trio and, perhaps, the best known name on the program to the average listener. His books and anthologies have met with exceptionally wide acceptance and, in 1939, he won the Pulitzer Prize for his "Collected Poems: 1932-1938." He is the brother of Carl Van Doren, author of "Benjamin Franklin," and the husband of Dorothy Van Doren, the novelist.

Allen Tate, the third "regular" of "Invitation to Learning," has given all but three months of his life to literature since graduating from Vanderbilt University in 1922. His reviews and books of criticism received high literary tributes. He taught English at Southwestern College in Tennessee and the Women's College of the University of North Carolina before taking charge of the creative writing course at Princeton University.

All three participants on the series welcome the wide latitude given them on the program. The extent of "censorship" is reflected in a genial statement by Leon Levine, CBS assistant director of education and producer of the "Invitation to Learning" programs, who, when asked how far a speaker could go in discussing a sex topic, replied, "As far as you would with dinner guests in your own home."

This is unusual in radio, but Mr. Levine points out that "each speaker has his own reputation at stake as well as that of CBS and I can't imagine any one of them saying something objectionable." So they use their own judgment in discussing sex, anatomy, personalities and other topics generally calling for careful advance script checking.

Libraries and book stores have responded enthusiastically to "Invitation to Learning" with displays of the featured books. Several book and department stores use mailing pieces and newspaper advertising to tie in promotionally with each broadcast title.

The demand for detailed outlines of the discussions is so great that CBS has published a listener's guide to the series. It was written by Mr. Van Doren and is offered at ten cents a copy which just about covers production cost. One listener, after receiving the booklet, wrote back: "This is more than an invitation to learning; it's an initiation!"

SAMUEL KAUFMAN.

Buried Treasure

SIR WILLIAM PHIPS. By Alice Lounsberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1941. 323 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THIS volume will please those who enjoy the post-Stracheyan school of biography or stories of buried treasure. Its hero's career had a strong dash of the romantic and incredible which is made the most of in this account of his life. There have been other biographies of him, including two in the past dozen years or so, but in spite of Miss Lounsberry's panegyric of him he yet remains a second-class figure. A man who emerged from the poverty of a Maine backwoods' boyhood in the seventeenth century, secured the personal backing of King Charles to search for a supposed sunken treasure ship in the Spanish Main, found it (with some £300,000 in its hull), was a friend of the Duke of Albemarle, met Kings James and William, became the only American Baronet, the first Royal Governor of Massachusetts, and led two military expeditions against Canada, ought to be interesting, but he fails. Nor is this the author's fault.

The finding of the Spanish gold and jewels was the high spot of his life. Of 310 pages of text Miss Lounsberry devotes 177, or far more than half, to the boyhood and treasure hunt, as though she herself sensed that after this private venture the public career were an anti-climax. His part in securing the new charter for his native colony, that which he played in the witchcraft delusion, and the rest of his military and political life, ended ingloriously with his recall from his post as Governor. He is here praised far more highly than by modern historians, though the author's ten page bibliography reveals practically no sources of information, even in manuscript other than those already used and known, which would affect the general opinion of the man. She does say that Professor Callender of Greenwich, England, has supplied some formerly unpublished data, but she nowhere indicates what this may be, and as to this and other possible new gleanings, in the complete absence of foot notes, one must judge by the text which appears to contain nothing to alter established judgments on matters of importance.

However, the main lines of the book are authentic, even if the author's judgment is too much warped in favor of her hero, and the story reads easily. It is not a work for the scholar but one which the general reader may well enjoy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life and Dreams

A FISH DINNER IN MEMISON. By E. R. Eddison. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 350 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THERE is another world. Critics —they are not so common now— who attacked different authors, romanticists, fantacists, the whimsical as "escapists" were sometimes right, more often wrong. They were right when the men attacked were artists who prettified, or decorated, or just bawdlerized the actual world, hoping thus to make it tolerable and lull us into laziness: they were wrong when they attacked the fanciful, the imaginative, the Platonic and Christian art which has always sought to portray the other world. On which, ultimately, the actual world depends.

This dependence is emphasized, not too clearly, by Mr. Eddison in the prefatory letter to his new masterpiece: and in his generous and lovely introduction Mr. James Stephens, a master of that world himself, pays eloquent tribute to his comrade in imagination. For those who have not had the felicity to read "The Worm Ouroboros" and "Mistress of Mistresses" I can say that, formally, Mr. Eddison derives in part from Homer, the Sagas, the medieval *contes,* Thomas Love Peacock, and George Meredith. There is too, occasionally, a touch, rather embarrassing, of the neo-Gothic: but it is Beckford's not Walpole's or Mrs. Radcliffe's and there is in him no hint of queerness, of morbidity such as the greatest devotee must admit to exist in Edgar Allan Poe. Nor is his strange world in the least unreal, nor, in the high sense, mystical, as is Walter de la Mare's world. Mr. Eddison sees actual things differently, rather than transfigures them.

The action of this book occurs in two time periods, each with appropriate characters who mirror one another. And two at least of the principals go through the looking-glass and are conscious of that passage. The years in Europe are from April 1908 to October 1933, and these are matched by one month in Zimiamvia from Midsummer Day to the 25th of July in the year 775 from the founding of the City of Zayana. In the "daylight" world, as Mr. Eddison calls it, the protagonists are Edward Lessingham and his wife Lady Mary: in Zimiamvia, the King and his mistress Amalie, Duchess of Memison, Barganax, and Fiorinda. Fiorinda, who is also Mary Lessingham and may become Amalie, is a manifestation of that Aphrodite sung by Sappho and painted, so changed, by

Blackstone Studios

Florence Jaffray Harriman

Alessandro Botticelli. She is desire and desired: and the man who faithfully and without arrogance knows her desirable may, for reward, find her desire. To reduce this rich, magnificent, and daring romance to its bare bones, here is the story of two men, who in a way are one man, who succeed in that delightful and desperate adventure. For Edward Lessingham Mary, daughter of Lord Anmering, is Aphrodite: so for Barganax, only more clearly, because their lives are less time-soiled, is Fiorinda with her ladies who change into lynxes and birds and wilts the old wise man, Vandermast, the philosopher and magician. Vandermast is a kind of Merlin, only at times he risks comparison with Polonius: but so no doubt did Merlin.

The European scenes pass mostly in Verona or England, and those who do not share Mr. Eddison's evident enthusiasm for the game will find something singularly appropriate in the fact that a novel so occupied with eternity should start its English scenes with a cricket-match. In the magic and craft of his style Mr. Eddison excels himself: his Elizabethan manner is, if you like, artificial; but it is the artifice of Spenser and Doughty. The characterization is, save in the Zimiamvian parts, less certain. There are dangerous moments when Edward Lessingham nearly tumbles from the heroic to the "Sapper" he-man; and in many passages I recall Richard Hannay (a fine character) rather than Achilles or Odysseus.

In these days, however, it were churlish to grudge any praise to this magnificent romance which states so defiantly, so superbly, the value of valor, of the single eye and the stout heart. "A Fish Dinner in Memison" is indeed a book for the times: a book from which the reader can see unmistakably that a life without dreams, action without thought, fashion and prejudice without faith is but a kind of self-indulgent, luxurious relapse into the dominion of death.

Diplomatics

MISSION TO THE NORTH. By Florence Jaffray Harriman. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1941. 331 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

MRS. J. BORDEN HARRIMAN, known to her friends and all newspaper readers as "Daisy," was appointed Minister to Norway in the spring of 1937, the second woman to represent the United States abroad. No one could have foreseen that in going to Oslo, normally one of the quieter foreign service posts, Mrs. Harriman was entering a center of diplomatic controversy and a front line in military operations. Her conduct under fire, however, would have done credit to even the most experienced career man. "I congratulate you," cabled Secretary Hull, "on the courage and efficiency with which you are performing your duties under such trying conditions. It is in the best traditions of our diplomatic service."

In "Mission to the North," Mrs. Harriman describes, with many charming and amusing details, various aspects of her three years in Norway and discusses the two outstanding events of her official life—the *City of Flint* case and the Nazi invasion. While her narrative adds little to the published records of these wartime developments, it gives a concise and coherent account of the many difficulties which arose over Norwegian neutrality. The *City of Flint* controversy, which seems almost like ancient history now, required the utmost tact on the part of the American Minister, who scooped the newspapers in locating the much-pursued vessel. The saga of Mrs. Harriman's flight from Oslo in April 1940, following the Norwegian government and dodging Nazi bombs, is even more engrossing. Mrs. Harriman describes with great effect the strain of that long journey, the inadequancy of Norway's defenses, and the stolid heroism of the population. Her story concludes with the hectric trip home on the *American Legion* from Petsamo, where Mrs. Harriman helped to assemble almost nine hundred stranded Americans.

Of equal interest are Mrs. Harriman's lively comments on diplomatic and social life in Oslo, salmon fishing and skiing, the whale oil industry in the Lofoten islands (which the British recently attacked), and the Norwegian people, from King Haakon to farmers and fishermen. Mrs. Harriman writes personally and informally, as though she were telling one delightful story after another at a dinner party. The book brings up to date her autobiography, "From Pinafores to Politics."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Testament of an Independent

THAT MEN MAY UNDERSTAND. By Harold Rugg. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 355 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RUBIN GOTESKY

BOOKS that are born out of great social conflicts are not necessarily great, but they are always significant. They are essential guides to interpreting the events and conditions which underlie them. Harold Rugg's "That Men May Understand" is not a great book, but it is unquestionably significant. It is significant because it reveals clearly the existence of a great social struggle in America between social ideals; a struggle that must run its course, perhaps even in bitter revolt and blood, until one ideal or another wins out. This struggle penetrates into every corner in the land. For Professor Rugg, it is canalized in the attack on his series of textbooks, "Man and His Changing Society," and on his cherished ideals of an American school system in which children are taught to understand the world they live in and the problems they must face as adults.

Attacks against educators and their social philosophies have occurred before; and they have been outlived. But the present attack is no ordinary one. It is an expression of the huge world crisis in which Democracy finds itself. If successful, it will destroy another rampart or bulwark in America against totalitarianism. Professor Rugg realizes this; and so, despite his reluctance, he has descended the academic rostrum to enter the marketplace of common America in order to explain himself and his work over the past twenty years.

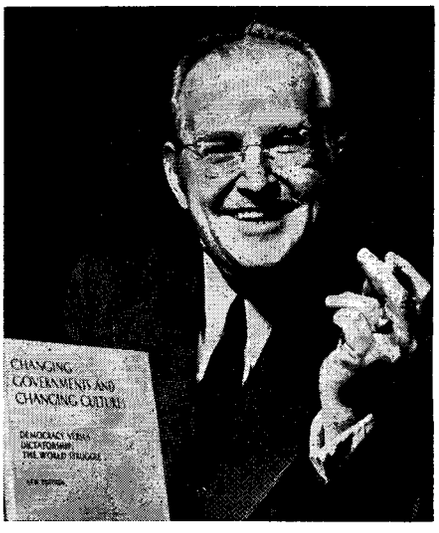
Professor Rugg wrote "That Men May Understand" with a threefold purpose in mind: first, to explain why he has been subjected recently to so hysterical an attack; secondly, to deny and refute the charges of communism and un-Americanism; and thirdly, to state once more his conception of education and of American society and the historical circumstances which produced it.

With not quite the vividness and depth of an Upton Sinclair, Professor Rugg exposes the social and economic reasons which have driven individuals such as Mrs. Dilling, Mervin K. Hart, Major Ausgustin G. Rudd, E. H. West, and organizations such as the Hearst magazines and newspapers to attack progressive ideas as communistic, un-American, and as destroyers of home, morality, and religion. He shows that such individuals and organizations are defending a special kind of Americanism long outlived, an Americanism founded upon a doctrine of extreme individualism. They are defending the rights of great property owners to use property as they please, whatever the social consequences for present and future generations. They want, as Professor Rugg himself says, "competition without any regulation or control . . . old-fashioned laissez-faire . . . 'Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.'"

In defending himself against charges of communism and un-Americanism, Professor Rugg insists that he has never been a communist or even a socialist. All his life he has remained steadfastly faithful to the "American Way of Life," even though he recognizes that his conception of Americanism is far different from that of the Hearst-Rudd-Hart-West combination. His conception of Americanism is a society, democratically organized—a "society of consent" as he calls it—which utilizes its full resources in the interests, not of a group or a class, but of the people.

The first World War awoke him partly from his dogmatic, sociological slumbers. It produced a vague feeling of unrest and uneasiness; he felt intellectually empty and emotionally dissatisfied. Before the war, he had accepted completely the narrow, circumscribed norms of a lower middle-class American. He knew and accepted only three virtues: to better himself economically, to be completely loyal, and to conform. Now these virtues failed to satisfy. He wanted something more, but he did not know what. In actuality, he was looking for a new social understanding and a new freedom.

A job to teach at Lincoln School and Teachers College, Columbia University, and residence in New York completely awakened him. Here in New York, he first became acquainted with the New Historians of the old and new worlds. He read Laski, Hobson, the Webbs, Bernard Shaw. They gave him his first understanding of the subterranean forces which had forced mankind into a war it neither expected nor wanted. The American historians—Beard, Turner, Commons, Ross—gave him his first insight into the fabric, growth, and history of the United States.



Harold Rugg

This newly revealed world excited and profoundly disturbed him. It was entirely different from the stereotyped negative he had always carried in his mind. It was one of profound contrasts: of great abundance, on the one side, and of widespread poverty, on the other; of great knowledge and power over nature and of widespread superstition and ignorance; of potential social equality and of actual degrading inequality. He became inspired by a vision of a world in which poverty, ignorance, and injustice had disappeared. America, in particular, impressed him with its amazing transformation, in less than one hundred years, from a pioneer agricultural nation into the most powerful industrial economy in the world. If America could only learn how, he dreamt, it would become the place where poverty, ignorance, and injustice vanished for the first time in history.

As an educator, he felt he had to get this vision to the youngsters of our nation. They it was who would face the grave problems of today and tomorrow and need in abundance the knowledge and understanding to cope scientifically and creatively with them. And so began his twenty-year-long adventure in the writing and rewriting of his great series of textbooks for the youth of America: "Man and His Changing Society."

Twenty years of hard work have only served to deepen his conviction that the American people can create the society of "abundant life." But he has also acquired new and deeper insights into the prerequisites for bringing this society about. He has no precise formulae or panaceas like the Marxists. He has only these essential insights to offer: Americans must be trained in technology; they must be taught to think scientifically; they must learn how to value and evaluate social ideals; and lastly, they must learn to create, to express themselves artistically.

One great test of whether America will ride present crisis of democracy, is the continued and expanding use of the Harold Rugg textbooks in its schools.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mexicana

MANY MEXICOS. By Lesley Bird Simpson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 336 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by CARLETON BEALS

DR. SIMPSON of the University of California probably has more knowledge of colonial administration in New Spain, or early Mexico, than any one in this or any other country. For many years he has delved deeply into archives in Spain and Mexico and has enriched his own university library by a large body of new photostated material.

The accuracy of the present volume may therefore be taken for granted. Simpson also knows how to write with color and irony and a fine flair for the dramatic. He cuts through dry documents to the human factor. His "quotes" are gems of style and insight.

Simpson is fascinated by the techniques of Spanish administration—his is the most lucid account in the English language. But though he provides us with a truly brilliant chapter on Mexican geographical determination and another on agriculture and diet (far superior to the similar debunking in Spanish by the eminent Francisco Bulnes) he does not give us any picture, except by indirection, of the aboriginal population, its customs and institutions, or of the subsequent mestizo caste, that today rules the country. Thus his account lacks a certain body—like a bull-fight without *picadores* or horses to be gored. The Spanish Conquest, we hold, was not merely an imposition of alien institutions, but also a process of grafting, welding, and interweaving.

Thus it is impossible to understand the great Conversion and the work of the Spanish friars without a knowledge of Aztec theocracy and rites, and the religious customs in the villages of today. It is impossible to know the real meaning of the new Spanish towns without a knowledge of the pre-Conquest town and its subsequent survivals and later interpenetration of law and custom.

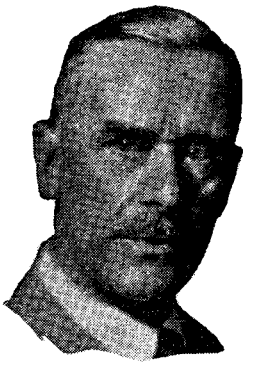
Simpson is enamored of the "Spanish Utopia," the Augustinian City of God vision, that shines through the Laws of the Indies from 1542 on—in their day the most enlightened body of paternalistic jurisprudence. They mapped out a Dantesque political hierarchy that rewarded the dutiful of every caste in accordance with its set status, and hurled all others, as so many Beezelbubs, into the cruelest punishments of limbo and hell. In practice we fear that the punishing of the Beezelbubs was a more important and far more profitable industry than giving halos to the angels.

Compared to this shining theoretical perfection, the crude "realities" of the Republican era (normal product of the breakdown of three centuries of repressive paternalism) are shocking and properly arouse Simpson's sarcastic condemnation.

For him graft in the Republican era is heinous, but the colonial thefts, the personal enrichment of Crown officials, are scarcely mentioned. Dictator Porfirio Díaz is ridiculed because he licked the lollypop of flattery, whereas the exaggerated obeisances demanded by some of the velvet breeches of colonial times are not even portrayed. The Spaniards parcelled out nearly all of Mexico's territory to Crown favorites, but this was "inevitable"; whereas Díaz, who gave away a mere fifth of the Republic and seized Indian lands, committed a "colossal rape," and Simpson adds hotly: "In the long history of human greed there are few chapters more dismal than this." Actually, we claim, Díaz's later day enclosures were likewise "inevitable." Such enclosures have been a feature in all older countries wherever initial industrialism has jolted against more primitive communalism or feudalism.

But Simpson, with real glee, chops down many a false cherry-tree episode related by less careful scholars, and all told this is an interesting, a stimulating volume, perhaps the best of its kind to appear in the past fifteen years or so—a real and permanent contribution.

Carleton Beals is the author of "The Coming Struggle for Latin America," and "The Great Circle."



JUST PUBLISHED

THOMAS MANN'S

new novel

THE TRANSPOSED HEADS

A departure from anything "the greatest living man of letters" has written before

$2.00 · ALFRED · A · KNOPF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANZ KAFKA AND THE HUMAN VOYAGE

(*Continued from page* 4)

heavy blanket of anxiety that we know from our own dream existence. Will the protagonist make it? Will he, after roaming through corridor after corridor, find his way off the ship?—the passage that leads back to the living room of the country house?—the key that opens the door of escape from Brunelda's apartment?—the door, among all the myriad doors of the tenement house, that leads to the courtroom?—the way out of the cathedral before his name is called and the sermon starts?—the path in the snow that leads back to the inn before night falls? This nightmare world has also its comic aspect, and there is a Chaplinesque music-hall quality to Kafka that has several times been noted. But the other aspects are more persistent. As in a dream, events follow each other with the phantasmal logic of illogic. Granted the premises, the details have a certain cogency: but the premises are outrageous. Time plays tricks: K. starts out in the morning from the inn toward the castle; in a few hours, night comes and it is dark. Space plays tricks; the more K. presses toward the castle, the farther away it seems to get. There are changes of identity. In fact the whole Kafka universe seems to illustrate the principle of discontinuity. You go from A to C without having passed through B.

The uncertainty is underscored because Kafka's protagonist moves throughout in an atmosphere of intrigue and conspiracy. There is a crazy quilt of plot and counterplot, but with a wild subjectivism in it all: the dangers and malignancies that beset the path of Kafka's protagonists you see only through their own eyes. Kafka means you to see that subjectivism. In "The Trial," for example, although Joseph K. is under arrest, he is not under detention. He is out on a sort of psychic bail, goes about his daily tasks in the bank and reports to court only from an inner necessity. And yet his world, like the world of K. and Karl Rossman, is none the less full of enemies and obstacles, like that of a savage in the jungle of his fears. In fact, the most important thing is that the enemy is never localized, and enemy and goal are one. The castle and the court are not only inaccessible; they carry on in their own remote and complicated way a campaign not to be reached. And the very allies that Kafka's protagonists hope to use in attaining their goal turn out to wear the badge of the enemy-goal. One gets a hint of Emerson's Brahma: "When me they fly, I am the wings"—except that this is pursuit rather than flight. What we seek with is part of what we seek. What we fight with is part of what we fight.

THIS sense of being implicated in a dualistic world is a strong sense in Kafka. It is to me even stronger than the feeling of the alienation of the individual from his world which the critics have tended to stress. Loneliness is the great fact of our mechanized life and has become one of the great themes of our literature; yet it will not do to see Kafka as a Sherwood Anderson writing another Winesburg no matter how cosmic. Kafka's protagonists are not lonely because their social system is deadening: they are lonely because they are caught midway between a good and evil whose contradiction there is no way of resolving, although each is part of the other. Max Brod has pointed out that Kafka was not tender-minded enough to think there is a synthesis for this polarity. His God is like the Jehovah god of the Jewish tradition, at once terrible and desirable.

Kafka's religion is thus far from the religion of consolation. He offers no cheap and easy endings, no safe harbor for the human voyage. It is rather a religion of unending exploration. It is to be sure, heavily laden with a sense of guilt and a sense of determinism, both of which go back to the tragic Greek conceptions. The scene in "The Trial" in which the executioners come for Joseph K. and find him waiting for them and link their arms in his, moves swiftly and with a sure fatality. Yet this is not characteristic. More so are the scenes in "The Castle" in which K. holds his intricate and casuistical conversations with Olga and with the various functionaries on how things work in the castle. It has often been pointed out that Kafka was influenced by the Chassidic movement, and there is throughout the books that feeling for the folk-mind and its inherent symbolism which characterized the Chassidic revolt against theological hair-splitting. And yet there is also an enormous amount of hair-splitting in the unwearying discussions in Kafka of the ways of God to man. Kafka was God-drunk; but in his intoxication his subtle and powerful intellect did not stop working.

IT seems curious that a writer with preoccupations of this sort should be today one of the great influences in our literature. The reason lies, I think, in the state of that literature. We seem to have come to a dead end. Among the younger writers the emphasis has been social, the method realistic. And Kafka challenges both. He goes beyond the problem of man facing his society to the problem of man facing himself and the unknown and inaccessible within him. He belongs thus in a sense to the tradition which, in Freud's words, has sought to explore the "psychology of the depths." Yet always in his own way. For his is not the emphasis upon the irrational which is true of the Freudian group. What he has done has been to give the tradition of rationalism a new twist so radical as to transform it. Since the seventeenth century our thinkers believed that to suppress the barbarian in man and thus make civil society possible, men must enter into a "social contract"—a compact with each other to preserve the fabric

"No indictment against three men could be more terrible." — Saturday Review

JACQUES BARZUN'S
DARWIN, MARX, WAGNER
CRITIQUE of a HERITAGE

"One of the most thoughtful and original books to appear thus far . . . vital, full-bodied, challenging."—*Front Page, N. Y. Times Book Review*

"A compelling study . . . rewarding, fresh and often profound."
—*The New Yorker*

"It is no mean intellectual feat to combine biography, criticism, history and philosophy in 400 pages. It is something of a literary triumph to do so, as has been done here, with the facility and polish of a Maugham or a Cather."
—*N. Y. Sun*

AN ATLANTIC BOOK • $2 75
LITTLE, BROWN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of civilization, and make law and order possible.

But for Kafka social constructions and even social reconstruction are not enough. His protagonists are seeking always not a compact with man but a compact with God. Hence it is not surprising that, as I have mentioned, so many of the speeches in Kafka seem exercises in ratiocination. Compacts are legalistic affairs, and Kafka's characters want to get their precise bearings in the universal frame of things. Yet whatever their mode of speech, what they are driving at—and what Kafka is concerned with—lies beyond rational and irrational, in the realm of the non-rational.

Similarly with Kafka's method. Realism as a method has been run to the ground. While I do not agree with MacLeish and Van Wyck Brooks that literature must nourish national morale, I do agree with Philip Rahv that the cult of experience in our literature has worn thin. What Kafka does is to stand realism on its head. He understands that the fictive world must somehow be made real, and that this depends upon great particularity of detail. But he applies this precision of method to a world of his own creating which has no correspondences to the world of our daily experience. Kafka has often been spoken of as an "abstract" writer. But that is to miss the whole point. He does not see his truth, as the abstract artists do, by generalizations and geometrical abstractions. He is nothing if not concrete. He loved Dickens, and there is something of Dickens in him. His people are so highly individualized as often to reach the comic.

This combination—realism of detail within a framework of symbolism—is Kafka's peculiar gift to fiction. The American tradition contains nothing quite like it, and even for distant resemblances we must go back to Melville's "Moby Dick" with its allegory of evil, and to Hawthorne. One may answer that most good writing today has overtones of symbolism. And that is true, even in the naturalistic fiction of Steinbeck, whose tortoise crawling across the road in "The Grapes of Wrath" is not only a tortoise but the whole mass of plain people. But there is a distinction between a novel with symbolic overtones and a novel whose essential material is symbolism. Or perhaps it is better to say that Kafka writes on several planes at once, and the planes are interconnected. One plane is that of real people doing and saying workaday things but in a dream world; the second plane is that of symbols and of the allegorical framework that furnishes a logic for the otherwise illogical actions of the people; the third plane is that of the philosophical and religious implications of people and symbols together.

It is this genuine complexity of Kafka and the enormous earnestness of his meaning that keeps his art from becoming—what much expressionist art has tended to be—an escape from the ugliness of social reality. Not that Kafka was much of a social thinker. I can agree with Harry Slochower that there are some acute insights into the nature of the social hierarchy in Kafka, but I cannot agree that they go much beyond isolated insights. It is the complex and the non-rational and symbolic in Kafka's vision that have so deeply influenced the younger writers, including Rex Warner, Dylan Thomas, W. H. Auden in his most recent phase, and the *New Directions* group. To many perhaps Kafka will prove a good escape from the current social weariness; to many he will offer what Spengler so uncannily foresaw in his term "the second religiousness." Kafkism is not in its inherent nature any sort of ivory towerism. It is not art for art's sake. It goes beyond the social but it remains within the problematic; and the problems of human belief and human destiny that it plots out are as worthy of exploration as almost any in our time. A book, Kafka wrote in one of his aphorisms, must be the axe that breaks the frozen sea within us. For the younger American writers he may himself prove to be that axe.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 375)

SANTAYANA:

DIALOGUES IN LIMBO

This imperfect happiness . . . is all the more intelligible and comforting to me on account of its discords unresolved. Your frank lamentations . . . seem pure music in contrast to the optimism which simpers daily in a wretched world.

Amy Loveman says

in the Book-of-the-Month Club News

"MRS. Neilson was born in that Germany which the world delighted to honor . . . in a circle in which political liberalism and literary and artistic interests presented a solid front against the obscurantism of the time."

$3.00

The House I Knew

BY ELISABETH NEILSON

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

Stefan Zweig says—

"Lania has looked deeply into the times . . . His book is a living page of history . . . a precious document."

$2.75

the Darkest Hour

By LEO LANIA

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.

GOOD NEWS FOR READERS OF *French!*

Brentano's, famous as booksellers and publishers in France and America for fifty years, are proud to announce that they will publish *in the French language* a new series of books by some of France's greatest living writers who are now living in other countries. Those which are now ready, or to be published shortly, include:

ÉMIGRÉS DE LUXE,
Roman par Maurice Dekobra.....$1.50
TROIS COMÉDIES *par Louis Verneuil*....$2.00
CHARLES PÉGUY *par Roger Secrétain*....$1.75
MARINES,
Trois Nouvelles par Jean Merrien....$1.25

Send at once for a free, descriptive catalogue of these and other new French books, and the addresses of bookstores at which they may be obtained.

Address: Brentano's, Dept. D, 586 Fifth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DAYDREAM IN LITERATURE

(*Continued from page 6*)

mon for literary children—and here I speak from personal knowledge of many cases—to indulge in long sagas of this kind, where the story is taken up over and over again in leisure moments, the characters continually developed, the plot continually thickened. (What is rare in the Brontë sagas is not that they were invented, but that they were written down.) These daydream worlds are, of course, wish-fulfilments on the part of the dreamers, and their heroes and heroines show the qualities desired by the dreamers either in themselves or in those they wish to love. When, therefore, Miss Ratchford says that the M. Héger of the Brussels *pensionnat* was not the foundation of Rochester and Emanuel Paul, but that the Angrian characters were, she is going deep, but not quite deep enough. Charlotte admired the Byron-Wellesley type, daydreamed of it, and expressed her yearning for it in Zamorna and Northangerland.

Charlotte is presented as struggling against her romantic imaginings by Miss Ratchford, who cites the preface to "The Professor" in evidence. "Calm your expectations," says Charlotte there to the reader: "Something real, cool and solid lies before you; something as unromantic as Monday morning," and she goes on to explain that she has determined to make her hero work his way through life as ordinary men work theirs, never winning a penny that he does not earn, and not marrying a beautiful girl "or even a lady." This determined realism is, says Miss Ratchford, part of Charlotte's struggle against the opiate of Angria. Emily Miss Ratchford presents as yielding to, or rather boldly accepting, her visionary world. I think there is a deep truth here, and that a fundamental principle of literary criticism is involved. The writer who employs the "escape," "wish-fulfilment" daydream characters in adult fiction is an escapist novelist, whose work is fundamentally defeatist, sentimental, and false. "The world is more full of weeping than you can understand," says the escape writer in effect, and takes the reader off to an easier, more rewarding, more colorful world. On the other hand, the writer who omits all the wish-fullment qualities, of courage, tenderness, excitement, romance, and so on, from his work, is apt to be arid, cynical, prosaic, and equally false to the truth. Only the writer who fuses the two worlds is really great. I believe that Emily, whose Gondal world appears far closer to reality in climate and character than Angria, fused her two worlds more completely than Charlotte, and is in this respect, indeed on this account, the greater of the pair.

"The (Brontë) *juvenilia*," says Miss Ratchford, "show us singularly happy beings, possessed of an Aladdin's lamp through whose magic power they transcended time and distance, walked with kings, and swayed the destiny of a mighty empire." Miss Ratchford is probably one of those fortunate beings who do not daydream, but are able to find, as one should, sufficient satisfaction in the real world. Otherwise she could not have made the mistake of calling the inventors of Angria happy. Daydreamers are never happy; they are continually measuring the real world of their fantasy, and finding the real world wanting; accordingly they never completely enjoy any experience in the real world. Such beings are continually recorded in literature, always with tragic ends; from Faust onwards, through Barrie's Tommy and Hope Mirrlees's Madeleine, they are continually throwing away the substance for the shadow, rejecting the real, ordinary, warm, bright sunshine for the light that never was on sea or land.

One cannot but feel, as I have already suggested, that this daydream habit has been given so often to writers' created characters because the writers have had such frequent and bitter experience of it themselves. Whether this unhappy dissatisfaction with the real world, this substitution of fantasy for reality, recognized as pathological by the Freudian technique, is a necessary part of the writer's equipment and training, remains to be discovered. When it is discovered we shall have learned something important about the kind of impulse which creates not only novels, poems, and symphonies, but cities and ships.

BE SURE TO READ—

THE Turning Sword

BY SPENCER BAYNE

Follow Hendrik Van Kill in this exciting, authentic, literate thriller of murder and America's subversive "lunatic fringe."

$2.00 • HARPER

SALLY BENSON hails:

"A master of horror...

THERE is no one quite like Shearing."—*New Yorker.* ✶ "A horror-thriller of the most sinister and horror-thrilling kind."—*N.Y. Times Book Review* ✶ "A truly devilish conclusion . . . Here is one of the most malevolent females in song or story."—WILL CUPPY, *N.Y. Herald Tribune.*
$2.00, Smith & Durrell, Inc.

THE CRIME OF Laura Sarelle

BY JOSEPH SHEARING

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
PENCIL POINTS TO MURDER *Willetta Ann Barber* AND *R. F. Schabelitz* (Crime Club: $2.)	Cigarette magnate's house-party fatal to two female guests. Artist with ready pen draws net around killer.	Much emotion, plenty of action, solution that doesn't jell 'til last minute, and scads of good sketches.	Recommended
AFTERMATH OF MURDER *Mary Fitt* (Crime Club: $2.)	Triple English tragedy of 1890's retold 50 years later, and explained by keen-minded police official.	Tale of country family disruption by fatally fascinating governess told with fine artistry. Post-facto detective work surprisingly good.	Worth while
WHO KILLED THE HUSBAND *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	N. Y. banker killed at apt. door. Lee Mappin reluctantly dabbles in unpleasant case, and solves it handily.	Rather routine plot enlivened by Mappin's naive personality, topical chatter, and insouciant antics of chief suspect.	Average

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Sons of the Samurai"

HONORABLE ENEMY. By Ernest O. Hauser. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1941. 268 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MALCOLM ROSHOLT

WHILE the world breathlessly watches the struggle in Europe, an equally heroic battle is waging on the Eurasian Continent; where more men have been killed, more cities bombed, and more homes burned than in Europe. "Honorable Enemy," written by a man with an eye as sharp and as fast as a 1.9 lens, gives us some idea of the people who are fighting so tenaciously in Asia. Some of the impressions he presents are unique, particularly the picture of the Emperor, descendant of the Sun Goddess, and that of Prince Konoye, the divine premier who rules but does not boss.

Even a superficial knowledge of Japan would challenge some of the statements made by Mr. Hauser. Generalizations are made without any evidence and exaggerations are pressed one on top of the other. Thus, comparing the Japanese to the Chinese he says: "Quite unlike the worldly Chinese, who love to live and hate to die, the Japanese are easily world champions when it comes to the art of dying. . . . Japanese soldiers seem to throw away their lives more readily and more valiantly than the soldiers of other nations." A statement about which there can be some doubt. The Japanese have lost less than half the men lost by China or about 1,000,000 killed and wounded since the war started. The Japanese prisoners I saw in China were quite anxious to have their lives spared. The personal courage of the Japanese is great, but no greater than the courage revealed by the invaders and defenders of Crete. The Japanese are brave, but not, as the author indicates, foolhardy.

Speaking of the isolation of Japan, Mr. Hauser states that "for centuries our rulers achieved complete isolation from the rest of the world." Actually, it was a little bit better than two-hundred (1638-1853) years and even that isolation was not complete. Dutch nationals were permitted to trade from the island of Dejima at Nagasaki.

The causes of the Sino-Japanese war are traced by Mr. Hauser to the backdoor of the Young Officers clique in the army. Having nothing to do, while politicians and financiers waxed strong and fat, the young officers grew restive and spoiled for a scrap. Under cover of darkness they invaded Manchuria, and having tasted of the glory and smelled of the blood, they howled for more. And they're still howling.

"Honorable Enemy" would have done well to use a camera lens with a smaller aperture, giving the picture greater depth of focus. Too often the foreground is blurred, the background hazy, and the object shaded. And in most of his panoramas of Japanese life Mr. Hauser has used the wrong filter.

ANSWERS TO THE LITERARY QUIZ

1. Achilles dragged Hector three times around the walls of Troy because Hector had slain Patroclus. Homer's Iliad.
2. Casey struck out when Mudville was two runs behind in the ninth. Ernest Lawrence (Phineas) Thayer: Casey at the Bat.
3. The Deacon built a one-hoss shay so logically that it lasted exactly 100 years. Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Deacon's Masterpiece.
4. Because his hair was the right shade of red, a pawn broker was given a job copying the Encyclopedia Britannica in longhand. Conan Doyle: The Red Headed League.
5. The picture of a beautiful woman was drawn on a bar room floor with a piece of chalk. Antoine D'Arcy: The Face on the Floor.
6. An albatross was hung around the Ancient Mariner's neck after he had killed it with a crossbow. Coleridge: The Ancient Mariner.
7. The Gallant Tailor killed seven flies at one blow with a ragged cloth. Grimm: The Gallant Tailor.
8. Shylock demanded a pound of flesh because a debt was unpaid after three months.
9. Pinocchio's nose grew longer whenever he told a lie. Collodi: Pinocchio.
10. Little Black Sambo ate 169 pancakes after almost losing his beautiful new clothes to the tigers. Bannerman: Little Black Sambo.
11. After drinking gin provided by Hendrick Hudson and his crew, Rip Van Winkle slept for 20 years. Irving: Rip Van Winkle.
12. William Tell was forced to shoot an apple from his son's head after refusing to salute the governor's cap.
13. Friday left a single footprint in the middle of a sandy beach, thus notifying Robinson Crusoe that he had a visitor. Defoe: Robinson Crusoe.

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms, with shower—$4.00; with tub and shower $4.50 up.

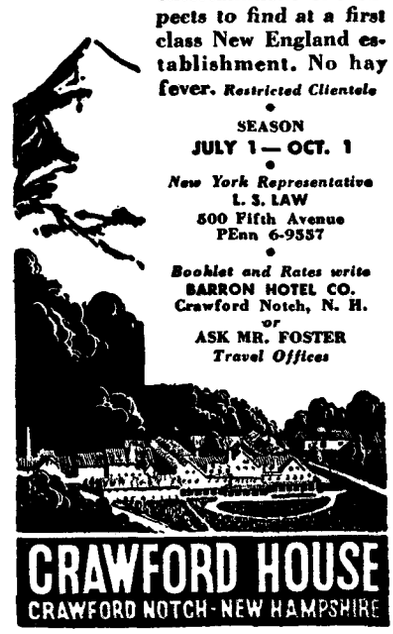
HOTEL ROOSEVELT
BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*
MADISON AVENUE AT 45th ST., NEW YORK
Direct Entrance from Grand Central Terminal

HIGH IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE
The Crawford House
with a real atmosphere of tradition —coupled with every modern comfort and offering all the sports and entertainment one expects to find at a first class New England establishment. No hay fever. *Restricted Clientele*

SEASON
JULY 1 — OCT. 1

New York Representative
L. S. LAW
500 Fifth Avenue
PEnn 6-9557

Booklet and Rates write
BARRON HOTEL CO.
Crawford Notch, N. H.
or
ASK MR. FOSTER
Travel Offices



CRAWFORD HOUSE
CRAWFORD NOTCH - NEW HAMPSHIRE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE WINDS

THIS is a story about pants. Plain Scotch-tweed pants. And what brought it to mind is the series of photographs, in *Life,* the other week showing Jo Davidson with some of his works. When the late and elder Robert LaFollette visited Paris many years ago he met the distinguished sculptor, who expressed the wish that he would like to do a full figure study of LaFollette. The Senator readily agreed. Davidson had worked his clay down to the bust when the Senator was hastily called back to the United States. The work being incompleted, Davidson twitted and pulled his unmade beard and cursed his ill-luck. Now who could he get to pose for the legs, trousers, and feet?

☞At about this time Christopher Morley, then, a student at Oxford, paid his annual visit to the French capital and in due course exchanged amenities with Jo.

☞Davidson, still in a state of indecision and chagrin, pounced upon Morley and suggested that he pose for the incomplete work. All he wanted was the trousers, legs, and feet. Would Mr. Morley consent? Mr. Morley would for was he not wearing a new and in the very latest cut, a pair of Scotch-tweed trousers? And there you are. If by any change you come across the Davidson LaFollette sculpture remember that the upper half is that of the statesman; the lower half that of Christopher Morley.

★ ★

☞Old P.E.G. Quercus is a determined gourmet and Eccles cake his weakness. So he asked Peter Greig, the literary vintner and gourmet for a recipe* for Eccles cake and he replied in verse. We are giving it to you without his knowledge or permission:

You use short pastry; very finely chopped peel;
Allspice and nutmeg, but no barley meal.
Half a pound of currants and one ounce of butter;
Two ounces of sugar; let mixture all clutter
A pan, and heat for a minute, then you'll
Turn it all into a basin to cool.

Roll out your short pastry of thickness a quarter
Of inch. For an Eccles cut rounds, you oughter:
In each round a good tablespoonful you pour,
Gather edges, turn over, press flat as the floor;
Make a hole in the center, make oven quite hot,
Bake for full 15 minutes. Then thank God you've got
Peter Greig and Miss White* to send you such things.
(Sprinkle sugar on Cakes and they'll surely take wings.)

★ ★

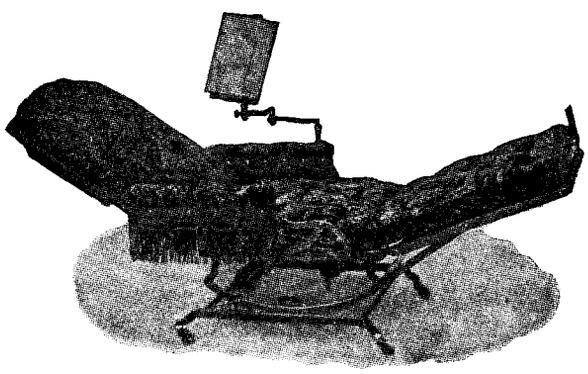
☞We like good food and occasionally snatch the can-opener from our steady wielder and go to work. But the Montclair Library (N. J.) has changed all this and now we're actually putting things together and what is more—eating it. The library has recently held a one-day Sidewalk Cookbook Fair in which more than two hundred cookbooks of American and foreign recipes were exhibited along the sidewalk in front of the Library. The librarians wore chef's caps and aprons and people rapidly began to gather around the display. Of course we were intrigued by the whole idea and its possibilities seem to us endless. Showmanship, apparently is just as necessary to sell people the idea on how and what to cook as it is to sell Ann Corio in "White Cargo." ☞What we would like to see is some sort of showmanship directed to getting people to read more and better books, particularly those dealing with our country's history and Democracy. Wouldn't a Sidewalk exhibition of Sandburg's, Beard's, and Walt Whitman's writings be exemplary in these days?

★ ★

☞Joseph Henry Jackson has been in New York. He has a book coming, "Anybody's Gold: The Story of California's Mining Towns," a full-bodied, historical work of the gold mining country in the Sierra foothill in the days when a six-shooter was the constitution.

LOUIS GREENFIELD.

*Recipe from "Good Things in England" edited by Florence White Founder of the English Folk Cookery Association.



HOME TO YOUR FAVORITE CHAIR

With a *good* new book? Or is it one you will fling from you around ten-thirty? From the welter of books being published currently our editors select the few they feel to be worth your time, and dispatch them to appropriate reviewers. It is these considered opinions which make up the body of The Saturday Review each week, together with sober, enlightening editorials and articles which enrich your reading background. The fee for this invaluable service: eight cents a week.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE
25 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

I cannot think of a finer way to spend eight cents weekly for the year. Enclosed please find $4.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Brief

THOSE TORN FROM EARTH. *Frederick Hollander. Liveright Pub. Corp.* $2.50. Mr. Hollander's novel is the forerunner of others that will come from the pens of fugitive and exiled writers from Europe. Obviously autobiographical, it is interesting in its revelation of the mind of a sensitive musician who is torn from his native land and who has to make a new world for himself in America. With a preface by Thomas Mann.

TAKE TO THE HILLS. *Marguerite Lyon. Bobbs-Merrill Co.*, $2.50. Marguerite Lyon, a Chicago advertising writer, and her husband bought a farm in the Ozarks in the hope of finding security in it for their future. Now she is known rurally as "Marge of Sunset Mountain Farm" and he is the "Jedge." Her book is a freshly written account of their adventures and of the lives of the Arkansas folk who become their neighbors.

GENERAL WASHINGTON'S CORRESPONDENCE *concerning the Society of the Cincinnati. Edited by Lt. Colonel E. E. Hume. Johns Hopkins Press.* $4.50. As the first President of the oldest military society in America, the Society of the Cincinnati, George Washington carried on a voluminous correspondence with European and American army officers, and with political and military leaders in this country and in France. The present work of almost five hundred pages contains his letters, from 1783 to 1799, shortly before his death, and the replies to this correspondence. Many of these letters are published for the first time. Mr. Hume is to be congratulated on the completion of a difficult task. The work will be of inestimable value to students of Washington's career. With preface, autobiographical notes, and index.

THIS IS GREECE. *A Book of Photographs. Hastings House.* $2.50. The photographs in this enchanting book, taken by American students working and traveling in Greece, have a poignant quality that the professional camera artist sometimes cannot capture. The views of this most famous of ancient lands pierce the mind not only with the beauty of the scene itself but with flashing recollections of ancient glory and heroism. The thought of the monstrous juggernauts of modern war that so lately have crushed through this birthplace of freedom and poetry makes one wonder again at the savage madness of human beings. The many apt quotations from the Greek anthology lend charm to a book that should lie on the table of your living room.

Records in Review

Edward Tatnall Canby

THE All-American Youth Orchestra made a number of recordings for Columbia during the 1940 South American tour and these are still being released. It is possible, knowing Stokowski, to guess what to expect from each recording. Performance is always commendably energetic, youthful, often a bit brash. Solo work is good, but the ensemble is not always smooth. Interpretation is inevitably erratic in the extreme, for age seems only to provoke more temperament in Maestro S. We have had already a splendid *New World* symphony, an atrocious *Pathétique*; the Beethoven Fifth, most ambitious release so far, may be best described as not bad. (C M-451; $5.50.) There is no satisfactory modern version of this symphony. (Toscanini's is one of the worst.) It seems in some way to invite eccentricity of interpretation, and rarely does a conductor remain objective enough to project that fatal "knocking at the door" as part of a larger musical whole, rather than an occasion for orchestral violence. The most valid objection to Stokowski's Fifth is not here, but in the characteristic blurring and sentimentalizing of melodic outlines, especially in the string parts. Nothing could be more out of place in Beethoven. . . . A field day of opulent blurring may be enjoyed in the Youth Orchestra's performance of the Love Music from Tristan, another of Stokowski's syntheses. (C M-427; $3.50.) The Maestro's style is well suited to Wagner, and the synthesis is perhaps justified since Wagner's music has not the inevitable harmonic and structural unity which makes such rearranging unthinkable in respect to other composers.

* * *

Another interesting Debussy item to add to the recent Rhapsody for clarinet is a group of "symphonic fragments" from the incidental music to *Le Martyre de Saint Sebastien.* (D'Annunzio) (V M-767; $2.50.) Perhaps this music, composed near the end of his life, is "the work of a tired man"; it is severely restrained throughout. But there is a concentration, a leanness that comes only with complete mastery of an artistic technique, as in the practised smears of a Rouault or a Picasso. . . . A belated Budapest recording for Victor is that of Mozart's "Hunt" Quartet, K.458. (V M-763; $3.50.) One of the most popular of the quartets, this is performed in the usual Budapest style, perhaps not as perfect here as in the Columbia recording of Beethoven's op. 131, a few months old.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING RATES for this Department are: For twenty-six insertions, 7c a word; for thirteen insertions, 8c a word; for six insertions, 9c a word; fewer insertions, 10c a word. Forms close Friday, eight days before publication date. The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

BOOKPLATES

BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS, great variety. Sample album loaned, 10c. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FRENCH

FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's only French Bookshop where French Books only are sold exclusively. Over 500,000 in stock. Every French publisher. Mail order catalogue. 20c.

AMERICANA

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK COMPANY, Glendale, California. Especially West, Far West and Southwest America. Catalogs on request.

LITERARY SERVICES

LITERARY AGENTS FOR 22 YEARS—We sell books, short stories, articles, verse, plays, scenarios, radio scripts. Editing, revision, criticism, typing, ghost writing. Beginners welcomed. Specialists in hard-to-sell manuscripts. Write for information regarding our resultful service. ANITA DIAMANT, WRITERS WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, at 51st Street, New York City.

RESEARCH, Congressional Library, Government Bureaus, penny per minute. Experienced. Six languages. John Crehore, Washington Grove, Maryland.

MATHILDE WEIL, Literary Agent. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. 535 Geary Street, San Francisco.

SALES * REVISION * SALES to book and magazine publishers. Fifteen years with Houghton Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary R. Walsh, 6 Park, Boston, Mass.

CATHERINE WILSON—RESEARCH SERVICE. Manuscripts typed—corrected. References, 152½ South Clark Drive, Los Angeles, California.

LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT. Stories, novels, articles, books marketed, criticized, revised. Our writers sell. 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

RARE BOOKS

MANNADOS BOOKSHOP, 19 East 49th Street, New York. First editions. Fine etchings. Catalogues issued.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS. Rare books. Old books. New Books. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. No. 400, 117 West 48th Street, New York. Telephone BRyant 9-5214.

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 321 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBER MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS. Established 1889. Abraham's Magazine Service, 56 East 13th St., N. Y.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES 1888-1941, Reader's Digest, Antiques, SCIENTIFIC PERIODICALS. Buxbaum, Box 327, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.

SENSATIONAL BOOK VALUES! Lynn Ward's "Mad Man's Drum"; "Wild Pilgrimage"; "Vertigo." Original, brand new $3.00 editions. My price $1.00 each. Bargain Book Co., 25 West 45th St.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a deco ous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

DIETING SPINSTER hungers for correspondence on all aspects of food and life. Box 464-E.

WORLD FAMOUS SEA-SHELLS direct from tropic Sanibel Island. Colorful. Artistic. 20 kinds. Dollar box. Box 428-E.

LAZYBONE Larry and SPIRITED Sal—Here's the place for you. Sleeping and swimming, feasting and fishing. Record library and book stalls to complement the virtues of verandah and shady trees. Well-rolled tennis courts for professionals and amateurs. Box 139, The Woodlands, Phoenicia, New York. $27.50 weekly.

POETRY READERS—Have you seen "The Poet of the Month"? If not, you're missing the most exciting new development in American poetry publishing. Write to New Directions, Norfolk, Conn., for prospectus and sample copy.

NEW HOUSES FOR OLD—in new or old styles. (Apartments, too.) Decorating assistance and advice by trained, experienced, degree-d and globe-trotted interior architect. Box 699-E.

STRIPS OF PRINT—several poems by Prescott Belknap—little more than 3 proof sheets, yet priced $1.00 (or refund). Order of Strips of Print, 983 Park Avenue, New York.

"GREEN SHADOWS," Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for long or short vacations. Excellent food. Separate cottages.

YOUNG COUPLE desires position together in secondary school or junior college. Master's degrees and four years' experience. Think teaching is wonderful! Her field, English, Speech; his, Piano, Organ. Box 453-E.

CONVERTED BARN off beaten track on Maine Coast. Perfect for large family or small summer school. Woods, fields, private shore. Reasonable rent. Box 434-E.

TEACHER, FEARFUL of becoming stodgy, wishes different summer work—bookstore, art needlework or knitting, cashier, or similar work. Box 465-E.

WHAT DID YOU DO for your last vacation. Young lady seeks fresh, original, unusual vacation ideas. Box 451-E.

ESCAPE YOUR WORLD—a vacation resort for New England country fun, congenial social life and rest—Woodbound-on-the-Lake, Box 22, East Jaffrey, New Hampshire.

FORMER EDITOR, critic and editorial writer on staff of New York Evening Post, critic of New York World Telegram, Poetry Magazine, columnist-critic of Brooklyn Daily Eagle in both prose or poetry, adviser on manuscripts to a publisher, now connected with a magazine, will accept full time, or part time editorial work, or manuscripts, revising work, criticism and typing for individuals. Box 456-E.

VACATION AT SEAMEADOWS, Cousins Island, Maine. Century-old farmhouse beautifully situated on Casco Bay Island. Excellent table, comfortable spool beds, private bathing beaches, modern conveniences. Tuna fishing. Betty Gibson, 291 Commonwealth, Boston.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colleges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

PERSONALS

MATURE WOMAN, artist, sound cultural background, linguist, nature lover, would like correspondence with man of similar likes and background. Box 459-E.

ENVIRONMENT—a boast usually, rarely a reality. Caspian Lake, Vermont's finest, with large summer colony of educators, clergymen, professional people offers much to discriminating persons. Quiet country town, low cost golf. Restricted. Cottages for sale and lease. Farms. Geo. E. Colby, Greensboro, Vermont.

VERSATILE WOMAN, past middle age, desires position in western Dude Ranch—types, drives own car—sociable. No salary expected. Box 468-E.

ROOMS AND BREAKFAST in old house with fireplaces, Cape Cod. West Barnstable. Reservations necessary.

DEAF ADULTS spend summer with others in lovely Pennsylvania country. Box 462-E.

REMEMBER YOUR BARE FOOT DAYS. In our office we have pictures and descriptions of selected Farms and Summer Homes from over sixty Real Estate Firms located in all sections of the Eastern States. We are not a selling organization. Ours is an information service. FARMS—SUMMER HOMES. Call or write. We have no salesmen. PROPERTIES, INC., 152 West 42nd Street, New York City.

TO RETAIN YOUR SANITY: stop reading newspapers, listening radio, going movies. Read Charles Fort. Box 450-E.

FORMER LIBRARIAN wishes congenial professional woman as summer boarder. Private home near Seminary campus and all summer sports. Box 460-E.

POET-TEACHER (Male) 27, wants summer or permanent occupation. Highest qualifications for teaching, literary, secretarial, or domestic services. Talented, experienced. Box 446-E.

THE BREAKERS, Vinalhaven, Maine, old New England farmhouse by the sea. Lobster, new peas, blueberry pie; a log fire; no radio. Rates—$20 a week.

WANT TO VISIT FRIENDS ENCAMPED IN SOUTHLAND? Young woman in Ford '37 leaves Manhattan for Savannah July first. Wants licensed companions to share adventures and expenses. References exchanged. Box 466-E.

CHRISTOPHER LODGE in beautiful Warner, New Hampshire, Alt. 445 ft. (Dartmouth-Lake Sunapee Region) will be pleased to take two or three resident guests at a nominal fee. Authors, artists, nature lovers, city-weary folk, ATTENTION!

VERSATILE LIBRARIAN wishes summer employment vicinity New York. Hostess, secretary, editorial, research or what have you? Box 455-E.

FOR RENT—Pemaquid Point, Maine. Modern six-room cottage, garage. Blair, Bridgewater, Massachusetts.

YOU'LL LIKE THE NORTHFIELD at East Northfield, Massachusetts, if you enjoy the outdoors, a lovely 250-acre estate, spacious rooms, delicious meals, the acquaintance of genuine people. Golf! Outdoor Swimming Pool! Tennis! Nature Trails! For further details write A. Gordon Moody, Manager.

SEEKING TWO OR THREE quiet families to build their own cabins; also tutor-councillor who can bring three 12-year old paying boys. Starting to develop 160 acre forest, hill and meadow on Aroostook River, Maine, into primitive residential and vacationists' settlement, and boys' camp. Real pioneering life. Good hunting, fishing and canoeing. **Two housekeeping cabins now ready to rent.** Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Quackenbush, Oxbow, Maine.

SCREWY ISN'T QUITE THE WORD describing FREE, NEWSY, CHATTY, INFORMAL "Kings Grant Gossips" newspaper published by KINGS GRANT INN . . . Box 104 . . . Gilford, New Hampshire . . . Where young and older folks with young ideas enjoy Effervescent Vacations . . . All sports, Marvelous Food, ETCETRA and only pay $21.50 to $28.00 Amer. Plan a week . . . Famous White Mountain Scenery . . . Private Lake Winnipesaukee Beach. WELL WORTH INVESTIGATION.

PERSONALS

IS THERE A SINGER needing a (lady) accompanist—in or out of town? Good sight-reader, reasonable rate. Box 461-E.

AT THE SIGN OF THE RED DOG—delightful accommodations for summer. Near charming New England village. Rates on application. P. O. Box 209, Sharan, Conn.

INSTRUCTIVE FRENCH CONVERSATION by Parisian gentlewoman. Private or group toutorship. TRafalgar 4-7613, mornings.

CURLY HORSE RANCH in July and August is perfect—Open country and mountains—riding—excellent meals—privacy—modern conveniences—picturesque. $30.00 weekly. Write Mimi A. Abbott, Sonoita, Arizona.

YOUNG WOMAN wants summer position as governess, experienced—or companion. Will travel. Good musician. Box 457-E.

"WHERE OR WHERE" will I spend my vacation **this** year? . . . To help solve this problem, write **now** to BEMIS CAMPS, South Chatham, New Hampshire for highly informal booklet which tells about our 180 acres . . . lake . . . golf . . . riding . . . tennis . . . extra-special food . . . $21.00 to $32.00 weekly . . . Christian Guests . . . Famous for Families!

WOMAN LIBRARIAN from Southern college interested in subleting accessible, small apartment, or, quiet room with Protestant family in New York City from July 15-August 15. Box 443-E.

FUN FOR ALL AGES at our White Mountain guest farm. All sports. Delightful location. Restricted. Booklet. WHITNEY'S IN JACKSON, N. H., Box. 1.

IN BACK WOODS, Near Keene, New Hampshire. Comfortable furnished five-room house, brook and pool at door, $125. Long season. Box 430-E.

SEAL AND PORPOISE LODGE on MACMAHAN ISLAND, MAINE. Simple but comfortable vacation life for discriminating people desiring motorless seclusion. A heavily wooded island, fifteen minutes from the mainland, 1½ miles long, with rocky shores facing the ocean. Small, congenial community—boating, deep sea fishing, tennis. Write for booklet to Miss Lillie M. Wheeler, 179 E. 79th Street, New York, N. Y.

COMPANION or housekeeper—no cooking. Willing to travel. Box 469-E.

COMPANIONABLE GENTLEWOMAN will furnish and largely service charming apartment, contributing minimum financially. Box 463-E.

SUMMER AT PEMAQUID POINT, between a quiet bay for swimming and Maine's highest seacliffs for surf. Spruce woods, blueberry meadows, quiet. Lobsters, wood fires. Artists' paradise. Reasonable. Bradley Inn, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

ALL MANUSCRIPTS correctly typed. Write for rates, references. Margarette Stump, Charleston, Illinois.

TRANQUIL BUT ZESTFUL LIFE at a colonial farmstead far from traffic—handy to city. Delectable meals. With, without bath. Bachelor quarters. Protestant family. The Farm on the Hill, Box 223, Stone Ridge, New York.

AT SHATTUCK INN nestled neath Monadnock Mountain . . . outdoor sports, indoor comfort, tempting meals, complete relaxation fill vacation days with contentment. Selected clientele. For Booklet write G. L. Austermann, Jaffrey, N. H.

HIGH ON A HILL TOP in the beautiful Lakes Region of New Hampshire . . . miles of mountain ranges before you, the Lake at your feet . . . lies Birchmont, the answer to your vacation quest. Eighty acres to roam, every sport to enjoy, a cabin and fireside of your own, exceptional food in the New England tradition—here is every comfort and facility for a week or a summer of relaxation and inspiration. Rates from $26.50 weekly. Restricted Clientele. For Booklet Address: Russell G. Hemenway, Box 21, Birchmont, East Wolfeboro, New Hampshire.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

YOUNG WOMAN wishes to join party driving Mexico end of June. References exchanged. Box 458-E.

IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE GREEN MOUNTAINS, this old time Inn gives quiet welcome. Own garden; crackerjack cook; peaceful village. From $18 weekly. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont. Kingsley A. Perry, owner-manager.

LITTLE WHITE HOUSE with picket fence. Fair Haven, Vermont. Built 1792, completely modernized 1927. Seven rooms, 2-car garage. Plenty of book shelves. For sale. Box 452-E.

SUMMER COTTAGE LEASE—Modern, well equipped on Caspian Lake (Vermont's finest lake). Easterly view, fireplace, bath, 5 chambers. Colony of educators. Golf. $325.00. 6 chambers, sleeping porch. $500. Restricted. Also extra fine one, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces, References required. Geo. E. Colby, Greensboro, Vermont.

REFINED, educated, young woman with many interests desires correspondence with young man. Box 454-E.

DORSET-VERMONT. Beauty. Green Mountains on every side; sport—golf, tennis, swimming, riding, trails; ease—pleasant house, good beds, food beyond your expectations. Number of guests restricted to six. $25—$32 weekly. Mrs. Sears, Dorset.

DISCRIMINATING ONES will be charmed with a home in Rockland County having ideal setting. Rooms on a grand scale—8 and more if needed, furnished. Bath conveniences and inconveniences. Price not too high. Box 467-E.

FISHING, RIDING and WHOLESOME COUNTRY LIVING—Five home lakes and many streams. Trails and Back Roads crossing thousands of acres of forests and old farmlands. Private Cottages with baths. Main Lodge. Pleasing service throughout. Junior Directors for Children. Competent instruction or supervision for extensive riding. May 1st to October 1st. 48th Season. Quimby's Cold Spring Club, Averill, Northeastern Vermont.

THERE'S INSPIRATION in the marvelous view, pleasure in varied sports at Burkehaven Hotel, high on a knoll overlooking beautiful Lake Sunapee. There's also good food, modern accommodations. $23-$30 weekly. Restricted. Tel. Sunapee 82 or Write Herbert Brewster, Lake Sunapee, New Hampshire.

ENJOY CHARMING, high, cool Santa Fe, New Mexico this summer. Historic old Spanish house. Modern comforts. Rates on request. Agnes C. Sims, 724 Canyon Road, Santa Fe.

WALLINGFORD, Vermont. Remodeled farm. Commodious. Five bed rooms. Completely furnished $300, to September 1st. R. Peattie, 1601 Perry Street, Columbus, Ohio.

"IT DOES HAPPEN HERE" is FREE booklet revealing PHILBROOK FARM INN (Shelburne, N. H.) . . . Cogitate on rugged White Mountain Peaks . . . Placid Androscoggin Valley Meadows . . . succulent food. Irresistible atmosphere . . . interesting Christian guests who DO things in life and Innumerable Exertions and Relaxations . . . and you'll have a faint idea of what we have to offer YOU . . . Utterly Different Booklet U definitely worthwhile reading.

"Surely the most valuable hunting-ground that ever was given to a student of the unusual!"*

—Sherlock Holmes

The **PERSONAL advertisements in the London papers [and the SRL, too.]*

Double-Crostics: No. 376

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

■	1-C	2-O	■	3-X	4-D	5-U	6-Q	7-V	8-C	9-H	■	10-U	11-A	12-F	■
13-E	14-C	15-O	■	16-R	17-A	■	18-H	19-K	20-A	21-F	22-E	■	23-R	24-G	25-H
26-T	■	27-D	28-K	29-H	30-P	31-F	■	32-D	33-N	■	34-R	35-M	36-C	37-O	■
38-B	39-X	40-T	41-P	■	42-E	43-T	44-J	45-N	■	46-R	47-G	48-A	■	49-V	50-W
51-B	52-I	53-J	54-T	55-L	■	56-E	57-T	58-L	■	59-L	60-Y	■	61-Q	62-X	63-J
64-I	65-H	■	66-L	67-B	68-R	69-D	■	70-U	71-R	72-I	73-V	■	74-B	75-R	■
76-Q	77-J	78-L	79-M	■	80-S	81-B	82-T	■	83-O	84-X	85-J	86-D	87-G	88-T	■
89-L	90-T	■	91-Y	92-B	93-U	94-M	95-E	96-Q	■	97-Q	98-E	99-G	100-B	101-Y	■
102-A	103-L	104-S	■	105-I	106-V	107-C	108-D	109-X	■	110-L	111-R	■	112-M	113-V	114-E
115-I	116-F	117-S	118-J	119-P	■	120-G	121-A	122-J	■	123-T	124-X	125-D	126-G	127-H	128-M
■	129-Y	130-F	131-J	132-P	133-C	■	134-S	135-I	■	136-Q	137-N	138-K	139-Y	140-M	141-X
142-H	143-W	■	144-M	145-P	146-D	147-X	148-T	■	149-O	150-L	151-E	■	152-S	153-G	154-U
155-O	156-N	■	157-L	158-E	159-B	■	160-E	161-W	162-F	163-C	164-J	165-R	■	166-I	167-G
168-C	■	169-D	170-C	171-V	172-R	175-L	■	174-A	175-B	176-I	177-K	178-Y	179-N	■	■

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Betrayer of native city to Sabines (Roman myth.)

B. Plainly; without circumlocution (2 wds.; colloq.)

C. Weird, appalling.

D. Temporary expedient.

E. Out-of-date person or thing (2 wds.; colloq.)

F. Restless, constrained.

G. Biographer of Sir Walter Scott.

H. Character in *Hamlet.*

I. Father of Pocahontas.

J. Delivery (literary).

K. East-central state of U. S.

L. Small amount.

M. Engages anew for service.

N. Irregular as if worn away.

O. Roman author and Stoic (B. C. 4-A. D. 65).

P. Disreputable; less presentable.

Q. Extremely taciturn person (slang).

R. Evenly divided (comp.; slang).

S. Mother of Perseus.

T. Officer insufficiently (vb.)

U. Sidewise malign looks.

V. It is wanting (Latin; 2 wds.)

W. Spouse of Tithonus (Homer).

X. Foolishly diffident.

Y. Ladles out; excavates.

WORDS

102	11	48	174	17	20	121				
175	67	100	92	51	159	74	38	81		
163	36	133	14	107	8	170	168	1		
125	4	108	86	32	69	146	27	169		
160	114	13	22	158	98	42	56	151	95	
116	21	130	162	31	12					
167	47	120	87	24	126	153	99			
127	25	142	29	18	65	9				
72	135	105	52	166	115	176	64			
118	85	122	44	53	164	63	77	131		
138	19	177	28							
55	173	89	157	58	78	66	110	150	59	103
144	79	140	35	94	128	112				
45	137	33	156	179						
155	37	15	2	83	149					
132	41	145	30	119						
97	96	61	136	6	76					
75	172	46	23	16	111	71	34	68	165	
152	80	134	117	104						
57	54	82	148	40	88	26	43	90	123	
70	93	154	5	10						
49	106	7	171	73	113					
161	50	143								
109	62	39	124	3	141	147	84			
178	91	60	101	139	129					

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Strange **cities**

Strange **men**

Strange **gods**

● This voyage among the inanimate ruins and the living remnants of a great American civilization has a flavor all its own.

● "Adventures galore . . . told with a gay and modest attitude and a delight in queer birds—human and feathered."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.*

Illustrated, $3.00

River of Ruins

by LOUIS J. HALLE, Jr.

At last, complete in one volume, fully indexed:

The Books of CHARLES FORT

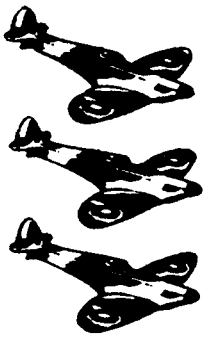
INTRODUCTION BY TIFFANY THAYER

HERE, in their final form, are four of the most audacious, astounding, prophetic books of our time. Among thousands of Fort fans are such names as Dreiser, Tarkington, Woollcott, and Hecht. "He is the collector of the world's greatest Museum of the Inexplicable," wrote Phil Stong . . . This edition restores to print *The Book of the Damned, New Lands, Lo!* and *Wild Talents*, with the first index ever made of Fort's work. $4.00, at all book stores.

1152 PAGES, INDEXED

"Best R.A.F. book yet!"

—Boston Globe



"Most striking and informative book on the subject."—*New Yorker*

"Hair-raising aerial engagements scrupulously faithful to actual battles."—*Cue*

"Packs all available information about modern flying. He has pinned down the terrible facts."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune*

Illustrated, $2.50

R.A.F.

The Story of a British Fighter Pilot

By KEITH AYLING

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY · 257 Fourth Avenue · New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED